[illegible]'s Vagaries.

A

COMEDY.

Acted at the Theatre ROYAL, by His MAJESTIES Servants.

LICENSED,

Roger L'Estrange

LONDON,

Printed for *William Cademan*, and are to be Sold at his Shop at the *Pope's* Head, in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1677.

The Actors Names.

Alberto, *Lover to* Flora.	Mr. *Mohun.*
Lodovico, *Friend to* Alberto.	Mr. *Beeſton.*
Proſpero, *Friend to* Alberto, *and* Lodovico.	Mr. *Bird.*
Grimani, *Father to* Otrante, *and Uncle to* Flora.	Mr. *Cartwright.*
Giacomo, *His Man.*	Mr. *Shatterel.*
Pietro, Peſauro, *Two Rogues.*	
Franciſco, *Lover of* Otrante.	Mr. *Bur-*
A Fryer.	Mr. *Loveday.*

Conſtable.
Servants.
A Watch.

Flora, *Neece to* Grimani, *in Love with* Alberto.	*[illegible]len Gwin.*
Otrante, *Daughter to* Grimani, *in Love with* Lodovico.	Mrs. *Nepp.*

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Flora's Vagaries.

Actus Primus.

Enter Otrante *and* Flora.

Flo.

FYe Madam, leave, ſpoil a good Face with crying, and ſpend your breath in ſighing, ſobs, and heigh-hoes, you little think how ill it looks on you.

Otr. Didſt thou but feel the burthen of my woes, or could'ſt derive them from the ſame Spring-head, thou whould'ſt not laugh at, but aſſiſt my griefs, and help me raiſe them to a pitch of wonder, ſo thou and *I* like two forſaken Turtles, would ſit endearing one anothers ſorrows.

Flo. Upon a houſe ſide in the Sun-ſhine: hey-day, here was a rapture with all my heart. I'le be whipt if you don't cty your ſelf er'e long into the lamentable condition of making Madrigals, teaching Black birds to whiſtle the Tunes of them.

Otr. Inſenſible Girle, would thou had'ſt half my cauſe.

Flor. Why I have all. Does not the old man plague me and Ferret me about as much as you? Yet I have no mind to be a Turtle, you had better be a Magpie and chatter at him as *I* do.

Otr. O but he is not thy Father: Mine he is, and piety forbids the breach of Duty: ſure Juſtice has laid by her equal ſcales, to blend misfortunes thus with Innocence, were but my Fathers jealous paſſions juſt, his anger *I* could bear, like thee, and ſmile at, but to be guiltleſs and uſed thus, who can but grieve?

Flo. Faith Madam, even *I* am that hard hearted thing that am wondrous ſorry, but cannot cry for you. You are reſolved then not to ſeek for a Remedy.

Otr. Alaſs, where ſhall *I* find one?

Flo I can propoſe a way, if you have grace to follow it, and then take heed you be not too nice in your Superſtitious points of Obedience.

Otr. *I* dare not infringe my Duty to my Father.

Flo. I do not mean down right hoſtillity. A little Rallio only that ſhan't flye paſt indempnity.

Otr. It is to great a Crime.

Flo. Why then even march us to our Chamber, and cry on, and make ſpeeches to your looking-glaſs: did ever any Woman before make Conſcience of being put into a capacity of having her own will.

Otr. And yet in troth *I* would fain be at liberty.

Flo. And you would have it drop into your mouth.

Otr. *I* would do a little, but not too much.

Flo. O, no, you ſhan't, Madam, (*I* ſee ſhe will come to it; whoever will bend a Commandement, 'tis ten to one, crack it er'e they have done) why then you muſt reſolve to love ſome body or other, and marry him as ſoon as you can.

Otr. Without my Fathers conſent?

Flo. It ſhall not be againſt his conſent, for you ſhall never ask it to have it denyed, and ſo long no matter.

Otr. But that's the way to be a begger.

Flo. You raiſe more Objections than an Engliſh Teacher.

Otr. But how can it be otherwiſe?

Flo. Never fear it, wee'l make it out one way or other.

Otr. I am very fearful.

Flo. You need not. Truſt me Madam, come, let's in, I'le tell you more (old man look to your hits, w'are like to be two to one) come Coſin, [*Exit.*

Scene the Second, Enter Franciſco *with a Key.*

Fran. This Smith's an excellent Artiſt, the Rogue has hit it to a hair, I try'd the key laſt night, and it opens as honeſtly as it were Legitimate.

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Well, *Franciſco*, I keep touch with you, what's the buſineſs on?

Fra. You'l hardly gueſs what you came hither for,

Lod. I cannot imagine, pray thee diſcover.

Fra. If I ſhould ask you, if you are my friend, I know the queſtion would leſſen the Relation: I dare not doubt you are not ſtill the ſame, *Lodovico*, ha's too much Nobleneſs to alter.

Lod. Why this to me?

Fra, Not that I do ſuſpect you, but this in ſhort, my future hapineſs depending on your Kindneſs and Aſſiſtance, you cannot blame my being ſo ſollitious in an Affair of ſuch Importance.

Lod. Be it honeſt, you may command me, you know I dare fight.

Fra. I do not uſe to ask my friends thoſe things that are not ſo, no, *Lodovico*, had it been otherwiſe, I could have found ſome others to employ, not one ſo vertuous.

Lod. Then ſpeak it, and command a ready Servant.

Fra. Why thus, you know this houſe.

Lod. Not I, whoſe is it? *Fra.*

Fra. Tis old *Grimanios* the rich Senators, he has a Daughter I have ſeen and loved, and that with ſuch a doting Paſſion, nothing but her enjoyment can preſerve my life; ſhe's very fair, and rich to boot.

Lod. And ſo 'tis an even lay, which you love beſt, the Money or the Wench?

Fra. No, prethee, no: but both do well you know.

Lod Never perſwade me, thou canſt be ſuch an Aſs to love a Woman, to prove it, prethee let me hear the Ryme.

Fra. Is this like a Friend?

Lod. Nay I won't believe thou art in Love, till I hear thou learn'ſt on the Cittern, and ſing'ſt doleful broken hearted Ditties to it.

Fra. Come, we ſhall have you at it one of theſe dayes, and then you will commence in Poetry.

Lod. If er'e thou doſt ſee me in Love, mark me (as I muſt firſt commit ſome horrid ſin, and that fall down a heavy judgment for it) I'le give thee leave to Rime me to Death, or to polt me all over with rotten Eggs till I look like a Frog, to lead me out of Town with a Frying-pan and a Fiddle, and ſhow me in the Subburbs for a Monſter, with a painted Cloth, a Jack-pudding, and a Cymbal.

Fra. Well Sir, you'l repent of this Hereſie, there are handſome Women good ſtore in *Verona*, we ſhall have you a Votary one time or other, but let that paſs, will you aſſiſt me now in my deſign?

Lod. I had rather help to make thee ſober again, pox, are there not enough to be had for money, but thou muſt throw away thy Liberty, and run mad for a yoke-fellow; (Love!) out upon't, 'tis worſe than muſty Drink, or Lodging at a Tallow-Chandlers.

Fra. Well, bad as it is, I am in it up to the ears, and cannot out: will you help me?

Lod. Haſt got the old mans conſent?

Fra. No, then I ſhould not need your aſſiſtance.

Lod. What can you do then?

Fra. Why, I would ſteal her away.

Lod. And you would have me help you, this is the honeſt Employment you have for one, *Franciſco*.

Fra. Why, ſo it is, *Lodovico*.

Lod. I underſtand not how.

Fra. I have addreſt my ſelf to her, ſhe loves me, and has contrived the Plot her ſelf; do you ſee this Key, 'tis to the back-Gate of the Garden, ſhe gave it me, a friend of mine has ſent for old *Grimani* out this Afternoon, he is ſafe, we may convey her without danger.

Lod. This ſounds but very odly.

Fra. Would *I* were rid of him, but I muſt uſe him now, by our friendſhip, by all that's good 'tis true, I do not uſe to lye, *Lodovico*.

Lod. If you do abuſe me, I ſhall not take it kindly, 'tis not quite honeſt, for *Grimani* will be wronged, but ſince the Woman has a mind to it, and if ſhe miſs this way, ſhe will have't another; and thou art in this lamentable loneing Condition, *I* will help thee for once, when muſt we do it? *I* would fain hear it over. . .

Fra. That's kindly ſpoken, why, this afternoon, meet me here, betwixt two and three, and we'l about it.

Lod. *I* had rather venture catching the Plague with thee, than be thy ſecond in this buſineſs; for by my troth 'tis but a Noble kind of Bawdery, well, I'le meet you, but pre'thee try betwixt this and that to unchange thy amorous humour, *I* cou'd do it in the drinking a quart of ſmall Beer, though *I* were hiſſing hot in *Cupid's* flames.

Fra. 'Tis too late now. Farewel, remember.

Lod. Farewel. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

Scene the Third.

Enter Grimani, Otrante, Flora, *and* Giacomo.

Gri. Come, come, young Wenches muſt not be lazy, *I* muſt not have you ſpend your time in prinking and pranking your ſelves and gadding abroad. Idleneſs and eating breeds Diſeaſes.

Flo. Even as much money and no brains breeds Senators. [*aſide.*

Gri. Your Mother at your years drove another gueſs Trade, *I* can tell you.

Flo. Why, Uncle, ſhe did not weave Bone-lace and Incle, *I* hope did ſhe? ſure my Aunt was better bred.

Gri. No, *Cicily*, but I'le make you do't and you anger me.

Flo. Faith, Uncle, do but make your Man *Giacomo* amongſt his Acquaintance, provide each of us with an old Hat, a Broomſtick, a Shuttle, and a frize Jump, turn us out under a warm Hedge, my Coſin and *I* will ſet up for our ſelves.

Gia. Sir, if you pleaſe, *I* will procure them to work journey-work under my Mother, ſhe and my Siſter are of the ſame Vocation.

Gri. Sirrah. Well, Gentlewoman, you and your Coſin long to be gadding. If *I* ſhould take you at your word, you'l hardly ſtand to it.

Flo. Try us, why have you the Conſcience to make Priſoners of us, and uſe your own fleſh and blood ſo hardly.

Otr. Prethee *Flora* don't vex him.

Flo. Here you Storm and Rave at your Daughter, are jealous, and ſuſpect you know not what, ſhe, tender hearted thing, puts finger in eye and cryes, and puels and pines her ſelf to nothing, for my part, *I* believe you'l be the death of her, ſhe will not take my Counſel, if ſhe would, 'twould be the better for her.

Gri. Why, what's your Counſel, Mincks?

Flo. Even to let you talk on, and not heed it.

Gri.

Gri. Very well, Huſwife; be quiet and hold your Clapper ſtill, or I'le hire ſome body to marry thee, ſhall beat thee twice a day, feed thee with hard Eggs and Onions, allow thee no Cloaths, but what thou ſpin'ſt thy ſelf, and lye with thee but once a Quarter.

Flo. Uncle, you ſhall ner'e chooſe a Husband for me, nor for your Daughter neither, if *I* can help it.

Otr. Dear Sir, mind her not, you know ſhe's a wild Wench, and let me beg you drown your Jealouſies, you but diſturb your ſelf, and render me the moſt unhappy Creature living, you know *I* have ever been all Obedience, and howſoever your troubled mind may raiſe ſome fears within you that *I* may deceive you, believe it, deareſt Sir, *I* ſo love vertue and honeſt thoughts, that all your *Argus* Eyes, if they were doubled cou'd not keep a Watch more ſtrictly on me, than *I* do on my ſelf.

Flo. Law you there now, Uncle, there's a ſpeech for you, ſhou'd you make ſuch a one in the Senate-houſe, we ſhould have you brought home a pick-pack in Triumph, will not this content you?

Gri. Come, come, this won't ſerve your turns, *I* muſt have you do as *I* will, and Miſtreſs Nimble Chaps, if *I* find you do any thing to draw her from her Obedience, I'le turn you grazing upon the Common.

Flo Marry, wou'd *I* were there once.

Gri. *I* am going out, ſee you keep good Orders within doors, I'le allow you the Priviledge of the Garden this Afternoon, but I'le take care you gad no further, come *Giacomo*, lock the door after you, and put the key in your pocket, I'le make you know your ſelves *I* hold you a groat.

Flo. Marry Gout go with ye, old Uncle. [*Exit* Grima.

Otr. O Heavens! how wretched have you made the ſtate of of Women, you make us fair, but yet that Jewel Beauty, you ſet ſo deep on foyls of miſery, as if you ſtrait were angry at your ſelves, that you had moulded thoſe your features lovely, you make us ſubject to our Parents humours, when Maids; when married, to our Husband's wills; and yet in either State ſuch your Decrees, you plant in us a will to diſobey.

Vertue muſt bear me up, and thanks to Fate,
I can be good, although unfortunate.

Flo. Moſt Phyloſophically concluded, Coſin, you'l ner'e be worth the Bread you eat, till you leave making of ſpeeches.

Otr. O *Flora*, would *I* had half thy Mirth.

Flo. *I* cannot ſpare a Dram of mine, but if you will go down into the Garden, I'le teach you how to get ſome of your own, if you will be ruled, come, come, away, if you tarry here, you'l be making of more ſpeeches.

Otr.

Otr. I ſhould dye, were it not for thee, and yet dee' ye hear, you ſhould not talk ſo to my Father, it is not handſom.

Flo. O Madam, there is a long ſcore driving on, he and I muſt reckon for that at laſt. Come pray lets go. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Lodovico, Proſpero, *and* Alberto.

Lod. Troth, *Alberto*, thou art the ſtrangeſt fellow living, what do'ſt thou do with this bundle of Miſtreſſes?

Alb. I'le tell thee, I have employment for them all.

Pro. Thou do'ſt not let them out, do'ſt thou?

Alb. No, Sir, nor keep them at Livery neither, you were going to proffer Cuſtom, I warrant, I'le tell you what, Gentlemen, I am reſolved, becauſe I find I am at great expence in bying Rimes and Monks for ſo many, I will invite them all to a Collation, and there before you two, I'le make my choice, or if I have cauſe enough to take pet, I will leave them off.

Lod. A rare way, but art thou in Love with ſo many Women?

Alb. Yes, as much as a man need to be with ſo many, I believe you are in Love as I am too.

Lod. Troth, not ſo much, though that be as litle as need be, I dread a Woman as I do an Adder, and think them all Laplanders, they muſt clap a ſtrong ſpell upon my heart, er'e it renders, what think you, *Proſpero?*

Pro. Why, I think you and *Alberto* will be married both of a day; for you can love no Woman in earneſt, and he loves all Women in Jeſt.

Alb. Marry e'ne like enough; and let me tell you, Gentlemen, I have a Miſtreſs that ſhall be nameleſs, whom I love above all the reſt, but monſtrouſly for her good qualities.

Pro. Pre'thee what are they?

Alb. Why, ſhe calls Names and ſells Bargains the beſt of any Gentlewoman about the Town.

Pro. Who is't has theſe excellent Endowments.

Alb. Nay, ſoft there, I'le not cry Roſt-meat; I keep her for my ſelf. Come Gentlemen, where will you go for two or three hours, I have a great mind to be merry this Afternoon?

Lod. Go to the Tavern, where our *Club* is, and I'le be there within this hour; I have a little buſineſs here.

Alb. Away then, come, *Proſpero.* [*Ex.* Alb, *and* Pro.

Lod. I wonder *Franciſco* comes not, I cou'd wiſh he wou'd diſappoint me, I wou'd forgive him with all my heart, and there were not a Woman in the buſineſs, tis ten to one he wou'd, but now he will be too punctual.

Enter Franciſco.

See, he comes, *Franciſco*, you may perceive how juſt I am to my promiſe, I am here before ye; are you ready? *Fra.*

Fra. Thanks dear *Lodovico*, *I* am prepared, *I* met the old Man two Streets off, he is safe: stay here and watch till I go in and fetch her out, it will not be two minutes now, till I am happy. My best *Lodovico*, how *I* am obliged to ye. [*Exit* Fran.

Lod. That is as it happens, pox on this Clatterwauling, were *I* bound Prentice to these Amorous Employments, *I* should hang my self in one Moneth to get out of my time; Now must *I* set my Chaps in order to say some fine thing to the Woman; let's see, I'le ask her when she was last at the Tennis-Court: mischief on't, *I* shall be absurd do what *I* can; no matter, when *I* get off her, I'le ever after forswear coming near a Woman, or having any thing to do with a Womans Business: They come, ha! how now, all in Tears.

Enter Francisco, *pulling in* Otrante, Flora *follows.*

Otr. Good Sir, as you had a Mother, pitty my Youth and do not blast mine honour.

Flo. Unhand her, uncivil Rascal, if *I* had but as much as a Fire-shovel, *I* would dash out thy Brains.

Otr. Peace, *Flora*. I know you are a Gentleman; for Heavens sake, free me, ask what Ransom you will, it shall be yours.

Flo. A Halter for him; see what a hanging-look he has, the Gallows groans for him.

Lod. I don't understand this.

Fra. I ask no Ransom, 'tis your self I covet; and since Fortune has so befriended me, to put you into my hands, I'le make use of the benefit, and make you mine.

Flo. You shall be hanged first, you stinking Varlet, I'le raise the Town upon the; and make the Apple-Woman brain thee with Codlings.

Otr. O Sir, for Heavens sake, if there be any thing you prize, or here or there, for that fair sake dismiss me now; or if my Maiden-tears cannot prevail so much, be but so good to kill me, I'le forgive you freely, and thank you.

Fra. I will not hurt thee, fair one, nor intend I to fix a stain upon thy Maiden-honour, I mean to marry you.

Flo. Thou shalt eat her as soon, thou Hell-hound ------ take me. I have not so much as a Bodkin about me, if I had I would ——

Otr. If you force me to that, it will be e'n as bad; for I shall never love ye if constrained, pray let me go, were it not better Court me like a Gentleman, I am gentle natur'd; and where I am won by sweetness, can love dearly; but where I am forced, I hate as badly.

Fra. *I* must leave that to the venture, *I* will not forgo a certainty to feed on fickle Hopes: Come, you must away.

Otr. O Heavens! is there no help?

Flo. Help, help, help.

Lod.

Lod. Pre'thee, *Franciſco*, what means this? Did you not tell me ſhe was willing?

Fra. Why, you ſee ſhe is, only her Kinſwoman there, was not acquainted with the deſign, pre'thee go ſtop her Larme.

Lod. But I heard the Lady cry out too, ſee, ſhe weeps there too, ſure all is not well.

Fra. All's well, I tell you, 'tis but a little fright, ſhee's pleaſed for all theſe Clouds, pre'thee go lead that little Tempeſt there.

Flo. I'le run out and fetch ſome body, or elſe I'le bawl my Throat out.

Lod. Hold, good furious Gentlewoman, your Kinſwoman is pleas'd, and though you were not acquainted with the plot, it was of her own laying; the Gentleman is a perſon of Quality and Honour, and at his Houſe you will will find a reception fit for the Kinswoman of his Miſtreſs.

Flo. What a naſty ill-bred Puppy art thou, to tell me ſuch a notorious lye to my face, you are his Comrade, it ſeems, adviſe your fellow-Raſcal to quit us as he loves his Neck-joynt, you Cowardly Curs, you durſt as well be hang'd as meddle with Men with Swords in their hands, now you have got us in your pound you ſtrut like two Crows over a gutter: Conſider and be hang'd; for if you don't, and let us go, you will be hang'd.

Lod. So, now I have pull'd, and old houſe upon my head, in my Conſcience, this ſhould be *Alberto's* Miſtreſs, by her calling of Names, but indeed, pretty Gentlewoman. 'tis very true, ask the Lady.

Flo. Ask a halter, thou Mungrel, thou wilt make me ſcratch thee by and by, do what I can.

Lod. Sure I am deceived, ſee the Lady weeps ſtill, hark you *Franciſco*, I am half perſwaded you have abuſed me, the Lady cannot be willing.

Otr. Willing, to what, Sir?

Lod. To go with the Gentleman.

Otr. Willing, alaſs, I am forced, baſely conſtrain'd, good Sir, if you own any thing called Noble, compaſſionate my ſad condition, and free me from the fear of loſing that to which all life and Fortune's but a trifle.

Lod. Is this true?

Fra. No, no; why, what is it near? come, let's lead them off quickly.

Lod. Nay, if it be ſo, they ſhall not be led off.

Fra. Shall not?

Lod. No, ſhall not, though I never was in Love, I do not lik

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to ſee a Woman abuſed, that does not deſerve it, I ſay they ſhall not be carried away againſt their wills.

Fra. I do not underſtand that Language,

Lod. I ſay, I will ſee them ſafe back again.

Fra. And I ſay, I will carry them away without your help, which you ſhall ſee, if you live long enough.

Lod. Try that. [*Fight*, Lodovico *drives* Franciſco *off*.

Otr. This was a Noble part.

Flo. What a Slut was I for calling Names.

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Fortune ſometimes Crowns the juſt Sword, Ladies y'are free, I'le lead you back again, I am glad it was my fortune to do you this ſervice.

Otr. And it was a Noble one, a thing ſo done, no time will make the ſtory old by telling, you will be Tutor to the furure age. And whoſoever wou'd do a Noble deed hereafter, muſt begin from your Example.

Lod. Pray Madam, ſpare the Complement. If I did well, the Deed rewards the doing, I am ſomething rough, unus'd to your ſoft Sex, I cannot ſay I did it for your ſakes, cauſe you are Women, if you had been men, I muſt have don't, I could not have endur'd to ſee a good day abuſed, Madam, you ſee I am no Courtier, nor er'e like to be.

Flo. No by my troth, not after this rate.

Otr. How ere it was, I am ſure my gratitude requires me to pay a Tribute of conſtant thanks, may I not know from whom my reſcue comes, for I have friends that uſe not to be ſluggiſh in the acknowledgment of ſuch favours.

Lod. Faith Madam, no Woman ever knew my name but my Landreſs; the truth is, I am unfit to be known of Women, I care not much for any of them, and I am ſure they will not care for me.

Otr. Sure, Sir, you think us ſtrange Creatures.

Lod. Faith I will believe you to be any thing rather by the half, than try.

Flo. Sure, I ſhou'd know the Gentleman, it ſhould be he by his diſcourſe *Alberto* has told me of.

Lod. Will you pleaſe to walk in, I'le ſee you ſafe within your Walls, and take my leave, for I have buſineſs preſſes me.

Otr. Your ſervant, Sir.

[*He leads them in, and comes out again.*

Lod. The Devils in't, that I ſhould have ſuch an adventure, to be thrown upon a Woman alone, this Lady's a pretty toy, O my Conſcience I could love her as much as I cou'd any body, and as long, that is to ſay (for time,) half a minute, and as much as comes to nothing,

that's my comfort ſtill. Well, but *Franciſo*, I never thought thou had'ſt been ſo unworthy, for truſt me, if I had, this breaſt of mine had never harbour'd any kindneſs for thee, henceforth thou art no more my friend, I ſcorn to love that man that loves buſineſs more than me. But I forget *Proſpero* and *Alberto* wait for me; I muſt not break my word with them. [*Exit.*

Enter Grimani *and* Giacomo.

Gri. Stay, ſtay, let alone, I'le go in at the back-door, may be I may ſurpaſs my two Goſſips. [*Exit.*

Gia. Faith I ee'n pity theſe two young Gentlewoman, they have a very heavy hand here with my old Maſter.

Enter Grimani *crying out.*

Gri. Thieves, Rogues, Villains; my Daughter, my Neece, a falſe key, the door open, undone, undone.

Gia. What's the matter, Sir?

Gri. They're run away, they're gon.

Gia. Were you within, Sir?

Gri. No, Fool, what ſhould I go in for, when the door was open? 'Tis too true, I ſhall run mad, ſtark ſtareing mad.

Gri. Pray be quiet, Sir.

Gri. Rogue, bid me be quiet, when my Daughter loſt? my family diſgrac'd, and my houſe ruin'd, take that.

Gia. O, Sir, O: why, look Sir, look you, de'e ſee, th'are here.

Enter Otrante *and* Flora.

I knew as well as if I had been in their bellies, that they never intended to run away.

Otr. We guſſed we heard your loud voice, Sir.

Gri. O, are you come, 'tis well, you have put me in a ſweet fright, you have been playing of fine gambols here. How came this door open? Who has been here? Ha, ſpeak, tell me quickly.

Otr. I have a ſtory full of truth as wonder, by that time yon had left us half an hour, my Coſin and my ſelf walkt into the Garden, where, ſuddenly a man at the back-door came in, we know not how, ſeiz'd me and forc'd me out with him, cryes nor intreaties could prevail, but came back empty, as that air receiv'd them till one, (whom to'ther brought for his aſſiſtance, betray'd into the Action, by his profeſſing it was with my conſent,) brought timely aid, and nobly did reſtore us to our freedom.

Gri. Is this true?

Flo. You might have whiſtled for us elſe e're this time.

Gri. Do you know them? *Otr.* No, neither of them.

Gri. 'Tis well, go get you into your Chambers, I'le no more Garden walking.

Gia.

Gia. And had you like to have been run away with, Miſtreſs?

Flo. I marry had we, *Giacomo.*

Gia. Alack the day, what a pitiful thing was that, had not you a little Itch to be going?

Flo. No, Good-man Logger-head.

Gri. Come, *Giacomo,* up to your Chambers.

[*Exit* Gri. *and* Gia.

Flo. I am confident that I know who the Gentleman was, it muſt be he by *Alberto*'s diſcription.

Otr. Name him, good *Flora,* name him.

Flo. Why, his name is, let me ſee, *Lodovico,* I, *Lodovico.*

Otr. What is he? *Flo.* I know not what.

Otr. Well, be he what he will be, he is a noble fellow, if I do e're love any, methinks it ſhould be he. Bleſs me, what ſtorms attend on humane lives, and toſs our fortunes upon troubled waves? Wit, Wealth, and Beauty, are but ſlender Twins, who ail with them beſure the Cordage cracks,
And does betray the Cozen'd Boat to wracks.
Yet may we lanch by night (through rude and dark)
And ride it out, if vertue guide the Bark.

Actus Secundus, *Enter* Pietro *and* Peſauro.

Peſ. FAith *Pietro,* trading is dead, that's truth on't.

Pie. The want on't will bury me alive, I think, for my part. I have been out of uſe ſo long, I am ready to turn honeſt, and reſolve to dye in it.

Peſ. 'Tis hard, men will not carry money about them enough for ſuch poor folks as we to live on.

Pie. The very Uſurers too (a pox upon them) though they live on Candles ends, and rotten Apples, will lay out money for ſtrong Bolts and Locks.

Peſ. But rather let them ruſt, then ſpend a Dinner in Oyl, 'tis wiſdom, their bags do ſleep the ſurer.

Pie. Wou'd we had the wakeing of ſome of them, O I could play them ſuch a Huntſup, not ſo much as a doublet ſtirring, or a thread-bare Coat for's to be lowſy in, no Sheet, or Shirts upon the hedges, ſure all people begin to leave off wearing Linnen?

Peſ. Why then they will come into out faſhion, 'tis ſtrange, I that have been a Souldier.

Pie. And twice ſtrapadod for running from your Colours.

Peſ. Would be aſhamed.

Pie. To look an Enemy in the face.

Peſ. To think of theſe poor trifles, I do aim at ſomething far higher.

Pie. The Gallows: and may come to it.

Pef. For when *I* conſider. *Pie.* How well you deſerve it.

Pef. That men are born. *Pie.* Sometimes to be hang'd.

Pef. Miſtake me not, to be Commanders of the World and Fortune too, I ſcorn to think of hunger, I trample upon cold.

Pie. That is, you walk bare-foot in the ſtreets, do'ſt ſee this houſe, here lives a rich old fellow, *Grimani*, a Senator, that has more bags than brains, what if we two ſhould contrive to eaſe him of the care and trouble of keeping ſome of thoſe brats.

Pef. And we take them to Nurſe.

Pie. Right, we have ſome pretty little Trinkets left, we'l wrench a Bar or pick a Lock for a ſhift.

Pef. Come, let's about it.

Enter Franciſco.

Pie. Not too haſty, good *Peſauro*, let's conſider on't.

Fra. Bob'd of my Miſtreſs, and baſled by a fellow I brought to help me, it galls my heart-ſtrings, pox on his Puppet honour, before I have done I'le make him rue his honeſty, and wiſh that he had been more a knave than I am.

Pef. Shal's do it to night?

Pie. If things hit right man. See, who's that?

Fra. I'le have the Woman too, or miſs my aim. I only want ſome Inſtruments to employ, and ſuch as I may be aſſured are truly Rogues, for I'le ne're truſt an honeſt man again.

Pie. Sure the Gentleman comes to ſpeak with us.

Fra. Nor will I ever be honeſt henceforth my ſelf.

Pie. Heark, *Peſauro*, our Trade will come into credit ſhortly. Here's a Gentleman Rogue, would he would employ us, he looks this way.

Fra. Ha? What are theſe? They look like as arrant Raſcals as ever groan'd under a Gibbet, I'le try, may be Fortune is kind to ſend them to me, de'e ye hear, ſcare Crows, what are you two, if a man may be ſo bold to ask you?

Pie. We are two very poor fellows.

Pef. Very hungry fellows too.

Fra. And very lowſy.

Pie. Indifferently, and it like your Worſhip.

Fra. Why then you are without a Metaphor, two very poor hungry lowſy Rogues, are you not?

Pef. Troth, Sir, you are a notable gueſſer, we are ſo.

Fra. Why then here is for you, be Rogues ſtill.

[*Gives them Money*

Pie. Good Sir, we are Thieves, Rogues, Pick-pockets, Shirks, Cheats, Pimps, we have all the Querks, and Nicety of Roguery, Prigging; Maunding, Padding, Milling, all, all, Sir.

Fra.

Fra. Excellent Varlets, there's more money for you, get you better Cloaths, and each of you a Sword, I have employment for you, wherein, if you behave your ſelves handſomly, you ſhall taſt more of my bounty.

Pie. If we do not, cut our throats.

Fra. Can you break a Houſe well?

Pie. Rarely, we can creep in at a Cat-hole.

Fra. Can you kill a man I have a mind to be rid of?

Peſ. To a heir, Sir, name him, he's dead already.

Fra. And can you keep your tongues ſtill?

Pie. You ſhall carry them in your little pocket.

Fra. Well, you are for my turn, meet me here ſome two hours hence, I'le give you directions and more money.

Pie. We will not fail you, Sir. [*Exit* Fran.

O, *Peſauro*, what were we born to? I was once in the mind to have left my profeſſion, but now I would not leave being a Rogue, to be a Senator, come, we muſt keep two ſtrings to our Bow for all that, *Grimani*'s yellow boys won't out of my head, let's view the Houſe a little.

Enter Lodovico, Proſpero, *and* Alberto.

Lod. That's the very houſe.

Alb. That, why there lives my Miſtreſs, was not there a little ſhe piece of Ordinance near the Lady that you reſcued?

Lod. There was, and by your deſcription, ſhe ſhould be your Miſtreſs, *Alberto*.

Alb. Why, ſo ſhe is, if you had told me on't before, I cou'd have ſatisfied you that *Franciſo* bad no intereſt in *Otrante*.

Peſ. Look, *Pietro*, I hope there be ſome more Gentlemen Rogues, let us accoſt them.

Pro. See, what are thoſe that look as if they were going to be coyned into paper?

Pie. Gentlemen, do you want any Rogues?

Peſ. Seignior, Sir, I and my Comrade are couple of Vagabonds, that deſire to be civil to any Gentleman that comes into our Company.

Pro. You impudent Raſcals.

Pie. Right, we are ſo.

Alb. De'e ye long to have us wait upon you to the whipping-poſt.

Pie. We ſhall be loath to put you to that trouble Gentlemen, come, *Peſauro*, let's be jogging, thoſe Gentlemen are not for us, they are ill bred, they are honeſt ſtill though it be out of faſhion.

Lod. Dogs, you'l vaniſh, won't ye, or elſe muſt we loſe time in kicking of you?

Pie.

Pie. Your Servants, Sir, your Seryants. [*Exit* Piet. *and* Peſauro.

Pro. Heark you, *Lodovico*, pray take a friends advice, and have a vigilant eye ſtill to your ſelf, you know *Franciſco*'s nature to be fierce, hot, and revengeful, and his late behaviour confirms he dares attempt things baſe enough.

Lod. I thank your care, but I am too old to fear, if he attempt me ſingle, my Sword ſhows how to bring me off; and I cannot believe he has ſo quite lay'd aſide Nobleneſs, as to ſurprize me with odds.

[Flora *at the door.*

Pro. I wiſh it be ſo.

Alb. Look, yonders my Miſtreſs, I'le beck to her to come to us.

Lod. No, pre'thee don't, I'le be gon if you do, I had enough of her lately.

Alb. Will you never be reconcil'd to a petticoat?

Lod. Not in the mind I am in.

Alb. And thou had'ſt any grace to make thy ſelf a fortune, thou woud'ſt court this Wench, ſhe cannot in gratitude but love thee pre'thee Court her.

Lod. I'le ſell pudding-pies firſt.

Enter Flora.

Alb. look, my Miſtreſs comes, ſay the word, and I'le break your mind to her.

Lod. I'le break your head, and you do Come, *Proſpero*, pre'thee let's be going.

Flo. Why de'e make ſuch haſt away, Sir, here's no body will bite you?

Lod. Good ſharp Lady, let me go in quietneſs: I tell you I am not fit for your Company, I'le leave *Alberto* with you: methinks one ſhou'd be enough for you. [*Exit* Lod. *and* Proſ.

Flo. He's a noble fellow, but of a ſtrange humour, will he not endure any Womans Company?

Alb. He has a perfect Antipathy to them, his hair ſtands an end, and he ſweats when he ſees them; I have been perſwading him to addreſs himſelf to *Otrante*, he ſwears he will beg butter-milk firſt. I have no hopes ever to make him ſtand nearer a Woman, than the people do to the ſtake at a bear-baiting, unleſs I can make him parcel-drunk ſome night, and invite him into a Bawdy-houſe, I am ſure he will ne're come to a parley with an honeſt Woman. No, 'tis, a ſtrange fellow.

Flo. I wonder at him. See, here comes my Coſin.

Enter Otrante.

Otr. Seignior *Alberto*, your Servant. How came you hither?

Alb. I was walking with the brave Sir Knight that killed the Dragon, and reſcued the Lady, you know who I mean, who for all his Valour, fled at firſt ſight of your Coſin.

Otr.

Otr. Do's he hate all the Sex? Was not his Mother a Woman? Has he no Sisters?

Alb. Never had any, and his Mother dy'd in Childbed of him; he hates them all perfectly.

Otr. I am sorry for't, for truſt me I believe he is of an excellent Temper.

Alb. He's an honeſt brave fellow, and as fair a drinker, I'le ſay that for him, as ever toſſed a Tankard, he has no more gall in him then a Gnat. Faith Madam, wou'd you had him, that is all the harm I wiſh him.

Otr. I am beholding to you, you would have me tyed to one that's ſure to hate me.

Alb. And you were in a bed together, you wou'd ſoon convince him of his error. Madam, your Servant, my pretty Miſtreſs, when muſt you and I have a little loving diſcourſe?

Flo. Next time we meet, we'l talk on't.

Alb. Well, fare you well, I muſt go follow *Lodovico*.

Flo. O fare you well, Sir. [*Exit* Alberto.

Otr. I cannot get this Gentleman out of my mind, I am never well but when I think upon him, ſpeak Coſin, was't not a noble gallant paſſage, a thing quite out of the Road of common Gallantry?

Flo. What?

Otr. Why, *Lodovico*'s reſcuing of us? did'ſt mark with what a ſprightly air and noble garb he behaved himſelf?

Flo. Sit's the Wind there? why, it was well enough, he's a good thraſhing fellow, but I have ſeen a Butcher at a wake, do more execution with a Battoon.

Otr. And pre'thee give me thy opinion, is he not a very handſom man?

Flo. He has a pretty good cudgelling face, put him altogether, the man is a man, and that's all can be ſaid of him: but did you mark how readily he talk't?

Otr. Me-thinks he talk't bravely.

Flo. I am ſure 'twas very bluntly. I'le lay my life ſhe's in love with him, *I* hope it is ſo, 'twill cure her of her melancholy, and if I can teach her but a little ſpight betwixt us, we'l ſo order this old Father of hers, that we'l either make him dye quickly, or bring him to uſe us better.

Otr. I know not what's the matter, but I feel ſomething within me like the thing called Love, 'tis ſo, I find I love him, and that extreamly, but I do find withall, that I muſt be the woer, for *Lodovico*'s humour is ſuch, he never will Court me. I have thought upon a way, the Fryer, he is not out of the Houſe yet, he ſhall do it, and yet he ſhall not neither, and yet he ſhall too, I will not truſt *Flora*, and he is the fitteſt, for he ſhall do it, and yet not know he does it. Hark, *Flora*, ſtep in and call the Fryer quickly, make haſt, or he will be gone, tell him I wou'd ſpeak one word more with him.

Flo. *I* go, Madam, On my Conſcience ſhe's plotting, there's ſome hope

hope of her now. [*Exit* Flora.

Otr. I find that Love has given me a ſtrange Courage, my Engines are at work, if all things hit,
I'le ſwear misfortune makes the keeneſt wit.

Enter Fryer.

Fri. Wou'd you ought with me Daughter?

Otr. Yes, Father, one thing more I thought to tell you, in which I am to beg your beſt aſſiſtance to help reſtore me to my quiet.

Fri. Why, is there any diſturbs it?

Otr. Alas, there is, Father, I preſume you know Seignior *Lodovico*.

Fri. I do, but he's a man ſo full of vertue, and has an humour eſtranges him ſo much to thoughts of women, I cannot think him guilty.

Otr. Believe it Sir, that's but a fair pretence to hide his looſe deſires and veil his buſineſs, (that I ſhou'd thus help a man to make him love me.) Know then he has oft attempted on my honour, by ſecret bribes, Letters, and Meſſages, all which I ſtill return'd him back with ſcorn, yet he on ſome falſe grounded hopes perſiſts, and did no longer than the laſt night bribe one of my ſervants to convey this rich bracelet upon my dreſſing table.

Fri. Is he an Impoſter then? I'le make him an example.

Otr. But uſe not too much violence at firſt, for my ſoft nature cannot well endure to have him ſuffer, in life or fame, perhaps if you will employ your Authority, he may deſiſt, and then I could forgive. Good father give him back his bribe, and tell him, chaſt minds do ſcorn the aſſaults of all temptations, tell him I mean but to ſee him once more, and that upon his knees to ask me mercy, the ſooner he does this, the better wrongs like mine, expect a quick ſubmiſſion. Each minutes ſtay does aggravate afreſh, but neglect will make me throw off patience, and ſtrive to ruin him, I meant to pardon.

Fri. Daughter, take you no care, I'le tell him home your mind, I am to ſee him within this hour, when you meet him next, I hope you will find him an alter'd man.

Otr. I hope ſo too, Father,

Fri. Farewel Daughter. [*Exit* Fryer.

Otr. Indeed I hope I ſhall, but not as you mean, *Fryer*, Sure *Lodovico* has wit enough to underſtand my meaning.

Enter Flora.

How now, Conſin?

Flo. Your Father ſtamps and ſtares, and calls for you.

Otr. Why, let him call on, and fume on, there's no great heed to be taken on't, do I ſpeak right, *Flora*?

Flo. Moſt excellent, where got you this ſpirit?

Otr. No matter, thou ſee'ſt I have it, I tell thee, *Flora*, I am like to prove a great Politician, I have deſigns afoot will make mad work, I have abus'd the *Fryer* moſt wickedly. *Flo.*

Flo. As how, dear Coſin?

Otr. My joys have almoſt made me betray my ſelf: ſhe muſt not know. [*Aſide.*

Gri. *within.* *Otrante*, Daughter.

Otr. Heark, my Father calls. I come, Sir.

Flo. Well, but your deſign, Coſin.

Otr. I cannot ſtay to tell thee now.

Enter Grimani.

Look, look, my Father, we muſt make up our mouths, I ſee his eyes are charg'd with hail-ſhot at leaſt.

Gri. Very well, Gentlewomen, I muſt come and fetch ye, muſt I; is this your duty and obedience? I'le make you and your Coſin Councellor ſmart for this, *I* hold you a groat, before I have done with you.

Flo. Hold, good Uncle, pray take heed, you will loſe your wind elſe with runing ſo faſt of the ſcore.

Gri. You poultry prating puppet, do you take liberty to abuſe me to my face ſtill, methinks you might be content to do't behind my back.

Flo. There were no ſport in that, Uncle.

Gri. Why, muſt I be your May-game, Gymcrack? De'e ye hear me, you Gillflurt; leave your giggling and your flowting, or I will ſend you to a Cloyſter to tame ye.

Flo. I ſhall make a mad Nun, you will quickly have me return'd upon your hands, Uncle.

Otr. Pre'thee peace, *Flora.*

Gri. Come hither, *Otrante*, that you may ſee I have a Fathers kindneſs and care to ſee you well diſpos'd of; I have provided you a noble match.

Otr. Heaven forbid! who is it, Sir?

Gri. One that has wealth, and will maintain thee bravely.

Otr. *I* am in no great haſt, Sir, I am well content to be as yet I am.

Gri. Why, this is very fine, thou fooliſh Girl: do as I wou'd have thee, or I'le give thee never a groat; diſpoſe your ſelf to love him: 'tis *Villanore* the brave rich Senator.

Flo. What, the man with the Noſe, Uncle?

Gri. Huſwife, won't you be quiet yet, him I have pitch'd upon to be thy Husband, and I muſt have you chuſe with my eyes.

Flo. Wou'd they were out, though I pawn'd a petticoat to buy a dog-bell.

Otr. Alaſs, he is old, how can you think my years ſhould let me ſuit my temper to his humour?

Gri. Come, come, leave your tittle tattle; I'le have it ſo, I am reſolv'd on't, and will be obey'd, de'e mark me, I'le leave you a while to

shew upon the Cud. [*Exit* Grim.

Flo. Give you joy, Coz, you are like to have a Lusty *Laurence* for your bed-fellow.

Otr. I'le lye with an old-house-end as soon.

Flo. Now must you have your face swept over every hour, with a lesson of fourscore: come, 'tis done, you must settle to work, and learn to make Night-Caps.

Otr. Come, 'tis not done, nor never shall be; I'le be hang'd e're I wed that old Chimney-piece: this has new fir'd me, now I am resolv'd, I'le either have *Lodovico*, or lead Apes.

Flo. How, Cosin, what's that you say of *Lodovico*?

Otr. I of *Lodovico*! I did not name *Lodovico* (this blabbing tongue of mine, *I* cou'd bite it off now.)

Flo. Nay, ne're mince the matter, you did speak of *Lodovico*, and what is more, you do love *Lodovico*, never deny it, I know it certainly, and I must tell you I do not take it kindly, you shou'd hide it from me.

Otr. This unlucky Wench has found it out I see, there is no halting before a Cripple: Well, Cosin, I will confess then. 'Tis true, I do love him, and that with such a doting passion, I am asham'd ont, but cannot help it.

Flo. Ne're blush for the matter, 'tis the wisest thing you have done these two dayes: but how will you contrive it, for he is a perfect woman hater?

Otr. That I consider'd, and therefore did resolve to wooe him first; in order to which I have sent him a Token and a Message, but a mad one.

Flo. By whom, dear Madam?

Otr. By the Fryer, *Flora*: de'e mark the Fryer.

Flo. The Devil you did as soon, do Church-men intrench upon the Chamber-maids prerogative? Nay then-------

Otr. 'Tis so, come in, I'le tell thee all the plot.

Flo. Well, I see we Women are like Horses, we know not our own strength, till we be in Love.

Otr. I was a fool, but will not be so still;
I am a Woman, and must have my will.

Flo. Well Rimed, Cosin,

[*Exit ambo*

Enter Francisco, Pietro *and* Pesauro.

Fra. In short, I mean to surprize *Grimani*'s Daughter this next night: you tell me you have Instruments to brake into the house.

Pie. We'l set you in as softly as it were at the door.

Fra. What prize you find besides, is your own, I allow it you a lawful booty.

Pes. A noble Gentleman.

Fra.

Fra. But first, I have another business for you; for I am more fond of my revenge, than of my love. Does either of you know Signior *Lodovico*?

Pie. Yes, Sir, by sight I do.

Fra. Why then go find him out, give him this paper from me, and bring me his answer; 'tis a Challenge to meet me to morrow morning, where when he comes, you must be ready to dispatch him; I will be there and help you, make hast and bring me an account in the Evening. [Pietro *goes, and meet* Lod. *and sets upon him.*

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. *Francisco*

Fra. *Lodovico*, now I shall reckon with you for your last kindness.

Lod. Base Cowards, you shall buy me dearly.

Enter Prospero, Alberto, *drives off the Rogues.*

Lodovico *disarms* Francisco.

Fra. Have I no fortune?

Lod. Now Sir, your life is mine; yet base as you are, ask it, and take it.

Fra. No, you shall never have that advantage of me.

Lod. Well, for all that, to show how much *I* scorn to be base like you, and know not how to fear you, ther's your Sword; but *I* cou'd advise you to use both your Courage and that more handsomly.

Fra. Well, *Lodovico*, you force me, though against the hair, to say you are noble; but notwithstanding let me tell you, I hate you, and so fare you well. [*Exit* Franc.

[Pros. *and* Alb. *comes in at these words.*

Lod. The World, I see, cannot win him to be honest. Gentlemen, I thank you for your timely aid, and now 'tis over, I'le tell you what an adventure I have had with an old Fryer just now: de'e see this Bracelet.

Pro. How came you by it, 'tis a rich one?

Lod. I'le tell you; meeting with my Confessor, he took me aside, and there began to school me; told me it was unworthy to pretend a hate for Women, and yet under that mask endeavour the ruin of a Ladies Honour.

Alb. Thou a Womans honour, I'le be hang'd if thou knowest a Maid from a Mouse trap.

Lod. That I had often sent her Letters and Bribes, amongst the rest last night this very Bracelet: amaz'd (as well I might) I denyed all, yet he believed not, but replyed, The Lady I had abused, thus vowed, uness I came my self and begg'd her pardon on my knees, she wou'd discover all my practises, and leave me open to her kindreds vengeance. This he advis'd me to, or expect what followed, and so he left me, and wou'd not be disabus'd,

Pro. Do you know her name?

Lod. He did not tell it me, and I was ſo amaz'd I forgot to ask it.

Alb. This is ſome young Wench that has a mind to forgive thee for loving her upon her own appointment, and let thee lye with her to make friends: I'le be hang'd if this ben't *Otrante*, and my Miſtreſs at one end on't, it is ſo like her.

Lod. Piſh, thou haſt the ſtrangeſt fancies.

Alb. Say the thing be as I gueſs, what ſwap will you take 'twixt my Miſtreſs and yours? come, a match.

Lod. Nay, and it were ſo, I wou'd not be ſuch a fool as to change bottoms. Mine is a luſty Veſſel, richly laden, well man'd and arm'd; yours but a little pinnace, a ſmart Saylor, I think but of no great Service.

Alb. She carries a Chace-Gun in her fore-Caſtle, makes Sea-room where e're ſhe rides.

Pro. Is ſhe ſo loud?

Alb. And when her Powder and Shot's ſpent, ſhe'l cloſe ye up to handy blows ſo lightly; I ſaw her once boarding the Butler's face, ſhe clapt on all her grapling Irons together, down went the Main-maſt, all the Sayls were rent, ſhe ee'n almoſt quite ſpoyl'd his upper deck, at laſt the fellow made a lucky ſhot, hit her 'twixt wind and water, turn'd up her keel and got off.

Lod. Faith, I wou'd ſhe heard you.

Enter Flora.

Alb. So wou'd not I for one or two of my ears.

Pro. Look to it, a Sayl, ſhe's here.

Alb. Mercy on me, here will be a plaugy ſtorm.

Flo. You Goodman Lockram Chaps, I heard you, Sirrah, never ſlink back, come, ſhow your buckram face, where did you ſee this battle betwixt me and the Butler?

Alb. Pre'thee *Flora* be quiet, I did but jeſt.

Flo. But jeſt, you Mungrel, am I to be jeſted by with you, Sirrah?

Alb. Wou'd I were in the ſtreets; to tell you true Miſtreſs, I dream't of the battle before rehearſt.

Flo. Did you ſo: you dream when you are drunk, and lye when you are ſober, a hopeful Lover, I had a dream too.

Alb. After you were Drunk, Miſtreſs?

Flo. No, no, I dream't I was drunk, and fell in Love with a hatchet-fac'd fellow; ſome reſemblance he had of you, the Butler you dream't of was Sir *Amadis* to him, methought I was told his Cardinal Vertues were drinking, wenching, ſwearing, lying, and for theſe heads many of theſe braneches firſt.

Alb. And yet you lov'd him ſtill.

Flo. Now I am awake, no more than I do to be croſt.

Alb. Do you not lye now?

Flo.

Flo. I am juſt beginning to practice truth; on my Conſcience I ly'd, when I ſaid I lov'd you, and never knew it.

Alb. Well, *Flora*, if we muſt part in a dream thus, why then farewel for ever.

Lod. Look, look, the wind is down.

Pro. The tyde is turn'd too: how faſt it ebbs.

Flo. But hark ye, *Alberto*, we did but dream.

Alb. Obſerve Gallants, I have tricks too.

Flo. We are but both in jeſt.

Alb. For my part I am in earneſt.

Flo. Say that word again, and faces about, take heed, my turn is next.

Alb. Well, *Flora*, you know I love ye.

Lod. Obſerve, Sir, ſhe has tricks too.

Flo. Well, we are friends then, no more dreams nor tricks. This ſcurvy buſineſs has almoſt made me forget my Errand; Seignior *Lodovico*, to you I come, and hate Women as much as you will, I muſt ſpeak with you.

Lod. If you muſt, there is no remedy, pray be ſhort.

Flo. Thus then, did you ne're hear the ſtory of a Fryer, a Bracelet, and a fair Lady?

Lod. Can you tell me the interpretation of it?

Flo. Suppoſe I ſhou'd ſay *Otrante* the Lady you ſo nobly reſcued, enamoured of your Gallantry, it may be a little too of your perſon, and knowing your averſneſs to our Sex, woo'd firſt, and ſent it you, wou'd you take it ill?

Lod. Pre'thee good ſhe-Serpent don't tempt me, *Alberto*, thy gueſs was right, the Bracelet came from that Lady.

Flo. Speak ſoftly, good Sir, may theſe be truſted?

Lod. I warrant you.

Flo. Why then in plain termes, my Coſin loves you, and deſires to ſee you, and talk with you; and if you be ſuch a Clown to refuſe her, let me tell you, you are-------

Lod. Nay no names good fairy: come, your advice, friends.

Alb. If you do not love her, 'tis pitty but your hide were pull'd over your ears, and tann'd to make riding gloves.

Pro. Pray be adviſed, if you purſue this humour of averſneſs to Women too far, you will be put into the Chronicle for a wonder amongſt the great Snows, and blazing Stars.

Lod. Muſt I then forgo my Liberty, and effect the Title of a good womans man: the Woman is handſome, that is the truth on't, & ſhe will have me love her, who can help it; what muſt be, muſt be; preſent my ſervice to her, and tell her I will come to her as ſoon as I can, and bring her Bracelet again, with which ſhe baited the Fryer, to fiſh for me.

Flo.

Flo. And is that all the anſwer I muſt carry her?

Lod. That's more than ever I ſent to a Woman before; if you have a mind to ſay any thing more, add it your ſelf, and I'le ſtand to it. Adieu Damſel, come, Gentlemen, in troth I am afraid I ſhall be ſpoyl'd.

Flo. Hark, *Alberto*, let me ſee you about half an hour hence, I would fain ſpeak with you.

Alb. My pretty Rogue, I'le come to thee.

Flo. My Coſin has given me a fine employment here, to Court an unhewn fellow for her; my Uncle wou'd be ſtrangely fond on me, if he knew what buſineſs I have been about: ſee, here he comes.

Enter Grimani, *and* Giacomo. [*Ex. Manet* Flora.

Gri. It muſt be ſo, there is ſome ſmooth-chin'd Youth ſhe has a ſmattering at, ſhe wou'd never have refus'd the proffer elſe: how now, *Flora*, where's your Coſin? go call her hither, I would ſpeak with her.

Flo. I ſhall, Sir: O dainty, my Uncle ſpeaks kindly.

[*Exit* Flora.

Gri. There is no other way, I have got a Fryers habit already, I ſhall hear her confeſs all. *Giacomo*, did you never obſerve my Daughter to have a liking to any young Gentleman about Town?

Gia. Not I, Sir, but I ſuſpect there is ſomething in the wind, for my young Miſtreſs and Miſtreſs *Flora* do ſo whiſper and laugh, and laugh and whiſper, and bluſh, and laugh again, as paſſes.

Enter Otrante *and* Flora,

Gri. 'Tis well, they come, I muſt ſpeak her very fair; how do'ſt thou *Otrante?* my poor Girl, thou look'ſt not well, thou ſtay'ſt too much within doors; why do'ſt not go abroad and take the Air ſometimes?

Otr. Your laſt command, Sir, made a Priſoner of me, which I do ſo Religiouſly obſerve, that I have ty'd my ſelf to a confinement, becauſe I thought you liked it beſt.

Gri. Alaſs, poor *Otrante*! I was ſomewhat haſty then, thou ſhalt abroad: when go you to your Confeſſion?

Otr. Within this hour, now you have given me leave.

Gri. Preciſely an hour hence?

Otr. Unleſs you countermand me (why does he enquire ſo ſtrictly?)

Gri. Will it be juſt an hour?

Flo. What a Devil, he won't conſhrive her himſelf?

Otr. Yes Sir, and I doubt I ſmell a plot, he does not uſe to ſpeak ſo kindly for nothing: if it be ſo, I'le fit him to a hair.

Gri. An hour hence you ſay; Hum, I muſt into the Town about buſineſs: Farewel, *Otrante*, I ſhall meet you before you are aware.

[*Exit* Gri. *and* Gia.

Otr. Flora, I will be hang'd if my Father don't turn Fryer.

Flo. I am half of the ſame mind, if he do

Otr. I have a pudding pat for his mouth.

Flo.

Flo. And if I with *Alberto*'s help don't do him ſome miſchief too, I'le give him leave to choak me. *Enter* Alberto.

Otr. Come, let's go think on't.

Flo. I'le follow ye, I will but ſpeak one word to *Alberto*.

Flo. Where go you? [*Exit* Otr.

Alb. To the Tavern to meet a knot of merry Lads of *Greece*, to laugh and crack a bottle; we'l drink thy health.

Flo. Now I will try if you love me; you muſt not go this hour yet, I have ſome buſineſs for you.

Alb. Marry thou try'ſt me to the quick, there I ſhall be curſt to Hell; no matter, I'le tarry, what muſt *I* do?

Flo. Firſt, get you ſome diſguiſe, for that is neceſſary to my deſign, then come to me, and I'le direct you and give you your Cue; we ſhall have ſome ſport.

Alb. Well, little unlucky Varlet, Miſtreſs Wife that muſt be, I will not fail. Farewel. [*Exit* Alberto.

Flo. Do ſo, the plot is laid, we ſhall have ſport,
One ſide will curſe, and to'ther thank us for't. [*Exit.*

Actus tertius.

Enter Grimani *and* Giacomo *with a Fryer's Habit.*

Gri. HEre, *Giacomo*, take my Cloak, my Hat, my Ruff: ſo, now help me off with my Doublet, give me the Weed: well, how am I diſguis'd?

Gia. Moſt admirable not to be known.

Gri. Does the Habit ſit right?

Gia. So Venerable, it makes me ready to call you Father, but that I know ye are my old Maſter ſtill in the inſide.

Gri. 'Tis well, 'tis well.

Gia. If I ſtay by you but a little longer, I am afraid I ſhould forget that too, and fall a confeſſing the ſins of my youth.

Gri. Thou art a merry fellow.

Gia. Pray Sir, take heed you meet not ſome of your Brother Fryers, leſt they ask you ſome ſcurvy queſtions in Latin, I am in a great fright to think how you will do to anſwer them.

Gri. Why? I can ſpeak ſome Latin, *Giacomo*.

Gia. You Latin, ſpeed you, Sir, if you turn Secular upon this, I hope I have Latin enough to be your Clerk.

Gri. Giacomo, I'le walk a little, they will be here by and by: but be not you ſeen by them, and be ſure be within call with my Cloaths. [*Exit* Grimani.

Gia. What a mad Morris are my old Maſters brains a dancing now; let me ſee, he was firſt a Merchant, there he broke, compounded for his debts, and with forty Crowns ſet up for a pawn Broker, thriv'd upon that and grew into an Uſurer; from thence into a Senator, and now is tranſlated

tranſlated into a Fryer; but if he have no more Religion in that than the reſt of his devout Occupations, I'le be bound do dine upon his Beads; if he ſhould trappan my young Miſtreſs now, it would grieve me to the heart, he has enjoyned me ſilence upon my life, and I have about twenty times ſworn to him, that I am dumb, yet for all that, if *I* meet the young Gentlewoman, I'le give her a hint: ſ'foot here's Miſtreſs *Flora*, *I* muſt hid theſe things.

Enter Flora.

For if ſhe diſcover it, ſhe'l make him horn mad.

Flo. Hold, *Giacomo*, why ſo haſty? what ha' you got there, a piece of Midwifery?

Gia. Pray forſooth keep on your way, *I* am in haſt.

Flo. I'le only know what yon have got there, *I* am afraid 'tis a little piece of Infantry.

Gia. What if it is? nay, pray be quiet, *I* am not at leiſure to give you an anſwer now.

Flo. Nay, but *I* am reſolv'd, *I* will ſee now, for my minds ſake.

Gia. Why now you have ſeen, what are you the better? 'Tis only ſome of my Maſters things, *I* am going to the Taylors to menng.

Flo. Why, do my Uncle's Taylors make Ruffs and Hats?

Gia. Nay pray Miſtreſs, indeed *I* am in haſt. *I* fear ſhe has found it. [*Exit* Giac.

Flo. Why, this was to my wiſh, *I* ſee our ſuſpition was not ill grounded, *I* did intend *Alberto* ſhould play them ſome prank, and *I* knew not what, till good fortune now informed me. Saint *Albert*.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. Well, Miſtreſs mine, you ſee *I* am Metamorphos'd, what's to be done now? *I* wou'd fain be at liberty.

Flo. Only thus, ſtay here about but two minuits, and you will leight upon *Giacomo* with a parcel of things under his arm, thoſe you muſt take from him, carry him aſide, bind him and gag him.

Alb. But why muſt poor *Giacomo* be us'd thus hardly?

Flo. There's reaſon for't, you ſhall not know; all things are ripe, it will produce a full-mouth'd laughter, be ſure you do't or all will be ſpoyl'd. [*Exit* Flora.

Alb. Well, little piece of miſchief, you ſhall be ſatisfied: what more teſtimonies of love wou'd this Wench have, then for me to leave my Company, and my Drink, and turn down-right Rogue for her ſake, unleſs ſhe would have my heart's blood out.

Enter Giacomo *haſtily*.

O here comes the Youth *I* muſt practice upon. Stand.

Gia. 'Tis but one bodies work, you may do it your ſelf; my buſineſs is going. [Flora *peeping*.

Alb.

Alb. Stand, or I'le cut your throat, come, deliver me those things.

Gia. Ha, ha, ha, that were a good jeſt, I faith, the fellow takes me for a fool ſure, pre'thee friend be quiet, I am not at leiſure to jeſt now, ſome other time.

Alb. Death, you Dog, Whelp, do you laugh, this is not jeſting, is it?

Gia. Murder, murder.

Alb. Sirrah, another word, and I'le cut your Tongue out.

Gia. Good Sir, take my goods, and ſpare my life.

Alb. O, Sir, are you out of your jeſting humour: nay, ſtay, you muſt along with me, I have ſome employment for you too, as well as for your ware.

Gia. Good Sir, pray Sir, my Maſter has ſent me in haſt.

Alb. Come, along, hang your Maſter.

Gia. With all my heart, but pray have me excus'd at this time, another time I'le wait on you.

Alb. Along, along, I'le prick you forwards, if you hang an arſe.

Gia. O good ſweet Sir, what will become of me? [*Exit ambo.*

Enter Otrante *and* Flora.

Flo. He has met with him, the Games begun, if you ſhou'd prove a Coward now, all were loſt.

Otr. I warrant thee, Wench.

Enter Grimani *in the Fryer's Habit.*

Look, he comes, 'tis he, my gueſs was right, it is my Father.

Flo. Stay, let me ſee, 'tis he, I know him by his wall eyes.

Gri. 'Tis certain, ſhe may ſerve me tricks, Fathers are Lords of the mannors, but others come ſometimes and hunts the Game up, I ſhall know by and by, they are here, now to the work.

Otr. He moves towards us.

Gri. Heavens bleſſing guard my Daughter, do you want ought in this place?

Otr. Take your Cu, Coſin: Holy Father, I come to pay a duty of a Devotion Heaven challenges from all, can you direct me where Father *Dominico* is, 'tis he I look for?

Gri. 'Tis not two hours yet, ſince a ſudden ſickneſs ſo roughly ſeized upon that old man, that he was forced to take him to his bed, he call'd me to him, and put me in truſt to execute his office in this place, I think your buſineſs is to me then.

Flo. I wiſh a lye wou'd choak thee, thou haſt told a loud one, wou'd do thy buſineſs?

Otr. Alaſs, I grieve for him, then holy Sir, ſince he has truſted to you I will preſume that I may do ſo too, and tell thoſe griefs which I intended none but he ſhou'd know, for to ſay truth, I came at this time hither not to confeſs my ſins, but tell my woes, which done, I muſt employ your pious Counſel.

Gri. Speak then. *Otr.* Then know, my Father, Sir.

Flo. Is a ſcurvy fellow. *Gri.* How's this?

Otr. I cannot ſay I wiſh I had none, but yet he is ſuch a one, a Child leſs dutiful would put it in his prayers.

Flo. Marry would ſhe, were he my Father, I would try all the Saints in the Kalender to have him ſent to his long home, ſhe is e'en too dutiful a Child to him.

Gri. The Devil, ſhall I endure this?

Flo. He's old and peeviſh, covetous and jealous, and theſe attended with their ſeveral maladies.

Gri. Pray young Gentlewoman let her ſpeak her ſelf.

Flo. I muſt do it for her, ſhe is ſuch a modeſt thing, ſo over-grown with duty and obedience, ſhe will not tell half, and it were pitty to leave out any.

Otr. 'Tis true, nor ſhould I now at length unload my burden'd ſoul, but that this Rigorous cruelty has frighted me both from my peace and innocence.

Flo. He's all diſeaſes both in mind and body, which makes him full of filthy humours, he's as naſty too as his own Cloſet, his filthy Jayl for money, for none gets out again, there's not a ſhilling that can eſcape, and he himſelf a Jaylor, not a Father.

Gri. I ſhall burſt with ſpleen, but I muſt contain my ſelf, well, all this is not to the purpoſe.

Flo. Yes, extreamly to the purpoſe, and yet for all his Locks and Bolts, as jealous as if his doors ſtood open.

Gri. Pray your patience, all this needs not.

Flo. 'Tis the main buſineſs, Sir, for if you ſhou'd not underſtand her Malady, how cou'd you proportion Phyſick for her Cure? I muſt go on with it.

Gri. The down-right Devil is in her, I muſt endure all.

Flo. Then for his diſpoſition, Father, you will ſoon conclude that to be none of the beſt: meaſures by his own buſhel.

Otr. Indeed he will hardly truſt me at my prayers, ſuſpitious of all my friends and kind'red.

Flo. And yet himſelf, ſome ſay, has a Colts tooth.

Otr. He ſcarce allows me Gowns and Petticoats, ſo niggardly, I dare not ask him for the Neceſſaries of his Family, he ſhuts me up as if I were a Nun, denies me all the freedoms due to Women, makes me his drudge, and does imploy me wholly in getting broths and Gellies, ſpreading plaiſters. Were he not my Father, I ſhou'd ſay more, but I'le ſilence here.

Gri. I ſhall e'en run mad, de'e think it becomes you to ſpeak theſe unhandſome things of your Father?

Otr. If he did things beſeeming him, I were to blame: but ſince I am

am content to ſuffer, and ask no more redreſs than to unfold my ſorrows, and that to ſuch a one as you.

Flo. Who, we may be confident will keep them ſecret.

Otr. 'Tis Charity to hear me.

Flo. You preach Charity, and you muſt hear her.

Gri. I muſt be bound to hear my ſelf abus'd, O I cou'd, that ever mortal man ſhou'd be thus abus'd, and by his own Child, it makes me ſick, ſick at heart, O, I ſhall dye.

Flo. Alas, the Father is not well, O that he wou'd dye with ſpight.

Otr. Are you not well Sir? what ails you? Poor man, he looks monſtrous ill, look how he ſtares and goggles.

Flo. Are you not troubled with the falling-ſickneſs, Sir?

Gri. I am troubled with two furies that are worſe than the diſeaſes of an Hoſpital, but I ſhall plague you for this, young Devilings, I ſhall.

Otr. Bleſs me, the man raves, O for an exorciſm.

Gri. I'le make you ſmoak for this dayes work, I will, look to it, I'le make you both examples.

Flo. Bleſs me, Coſin, he is ſtark mad, perfectly diſtracted, let's be gone, leſt he miſchief us.

Otr. Good Sir, be patient, we'l ſend ſome body to you.

Gri. Devils, Witches, I'le bury you alive.

Flo. Away, away, his fit grows ſtrong upon him, we muſt run for't, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit* Otr. *and* Flo.

Gri. The great Devil go with you, I'le follow you with a Vengeance, *Giacomo*, *Giacomo*, come bring my Cloaths, why *Giacomo*, you dog, where are you? not anſwer, the Villain's gone out of hearing, Hell and Damnation, all things conſpire againſt me, to torment me, I ſhall be diſcover'd in this habit by ſome of the Covent, and that will be worſe than all. *Giacomo*, *Giacomo*, he's gone, undone, undone, for ever ruin'd.

Enter Flora.

Flo. Alas, good Sir, is not the fit off yet, Sir? come, let me hold your head, indeed I pitty ye.

Gri. Thou vile, wicked, beaſtly Woman, wilt thou break my heart? I'le plague thee.

Flo. Fye, Sir, a man of your Coat ſo paſſionate, and give ſuch bitter language.

Gri. Thou Devil in Womans ſhape, thou knew'ſt me well enough, thou damn'd thing, thou.

Flo. Who I? I know you for no other than the Fryer whom *Dominico* being ſick ſent to confeſs my Coſin.

Gri. Yes, Kate, you do; you do know me for your Uncle, for all your diſſembling, whom you and your crackt Coſin have us'd ſo finely be-

twixt you, but I ſhall maul you for't, Gypſies, I ſhall.

Flo. Fye, fye, Sir, you my Uncle? Alaſs, you are a Holy man, and may Convert him, preach to him, Sir.

Gri. Upon what Text, Miſtreſs *Machiavel?*

Flo. *Dives* and *Lazarus* were an excellent Subject for your diſcourſe.

Gri. You will not know me then?

Flo. Alas, good Fryer, you are charitable in being content to take his name upon you, but you will undo him, Sir, with gentleneſs, uſe him ſharply, he's the better, appoint him for his pennance once a day to throw away a boy or two.

Gri. Why not his unlucky Neece?

Flo. O Sir, ſhe will light upon her feet like a Cat.

Gri. And ſhe will ſcratch too.

Flo. Only her Cat-fac'd Uncles, his Daughter too is Cattie.

Gri. I do believe ſhe has that vertue at her fingers ends, that ſame Uncle of yours will put you in a ſack together.

Flo. Then ſhuffle, Sir.

Gri. Into the Sea. You will not know me, then?

Flo. Troth now I think on't, I have a way to know who you are, I'le go ſee if there be any Fryer in the Covent, and bring him to compare with you, that way I may find which is my good Uncle.

Gri. What will you do, Huſwife?

Flo. Fetch a touch-ſtone, a Fryer to try an Uncle.

Gri. Why, thou wilt not undo me after all, will ye?

Flo. O, by no means, Uncle, nay, I'le keep your counſel ſo far too, that I will have but one ballad made on you, I'le go call him.

Gri. Nay, ſtay *Flora*, good *Flora*, I'le forgive thee.

Flo. I am deaf to all entreaties, I will not loſe this Sport of this piece of miſchief to be the Queen of Fairies? I'le go fetch one inſtantly.

[*Exit* Flora.

Gri. O, this Wench will undo me, ruin'd for ever, but I am e'en juſtly ſerv'd, for I have us'd them too barbarouſly. O, this Rogue to be gone now with my Cloaths, there is no avoiding the Prior, I muſt expect to have my purſe drayn'd ſweetly. *Giacomo, Giacomo*, he hears not, he ſhall ſmart for this, and that ſoundly too.

Giacomo *rowls in bound.*

Gia. Aw, aw, aw, O.

Gri. How now, what *Giacomo*, bound and rifled? ſpeak Rogue.

Gia. Aw, aw, O, aw, O.

Gri. Gagg'd too, and rifled too, in my Conſcience I muſt ſet him at liberty, ſo now, how came you in this pickle? where are my Cloaths, Sirrah?

Gia. Oh Maſter. *Gri.* Speak, Sirrah, where are my Cloaths?

Gia.

Gia. O Maſter, never was any man ſo ſerv'd, ſo lamentably abus'd as *I* have been.

Gri. Yes, Rogue, I know one has been worſe.

Gia. Going along with your Cloaths, there meets me a boyſterous fellow with a two handed-ſword, he drew upon me, and alas, you know, what cou'd a poor naked man do? took all your Cloaths from me, baſted me ill-favouredly, and at laſt boun'd and gagg'd me, I heard when you firſt call d me, but an *I* ſhou'd ha'been hang'd, *I* cou'd not rowl any ſooner to you, than *I* did.

Gri. The Devil and ill luck conſpire together to ſpite me. *I* know not what to do, there's no ſtaying here, and in this Habit; home *I* dare not go through the ſtreets; here, Sirrah, help me off with this curſed weed, give me your Doublet, Coat, and Cap.

Gia. And what ſhall *I* do, Maſter?

Gri. Go hang your ſelf, Rogue: come, ſtrip, ſtrip.

Gia. There they are, Sir, muſt *I* put on the Fryer's Habit?

Gri. If you have a mind to be flead, go carry them home where you borrowed them: but ſtay firſt, han't you the key of the houſe?

Gia. Not *I* Sir, Miſtreſs *Flora* has it.

Gri. The Devil ſhe has, nay then *I* am quite ruin'd to all intents and purpoſes, what a bed-role of miſchiefs have lit upon me one after another? *I* muſt run ſome whither and hide my ſelf, but where *I* know not. Go, *Giacomo*, about your Errand, when you have delivered it, return, and find me if you can, for I'le try to loſe my ſelf.

[*Exit ſeverally.*

Scena tertia

Enter Otrante, Dominico, *and* Flora.

Otr. 'Tis as I tell you, Sir.

Dom. *I* muſt confeſs 'tis probable enough; for when *I* told him of it, and return'd the Bracelet, he vow'd he knew not that, nor you.

Otr. *I* can no longer hide my juſt reſentments, ſee here this Letter he within theſe two hours ſent me by an old piece of Iniquity; hid in a Muffler, pray let me beg the kindneſs of you, Father, to find him out, and give it him back with your own hand: that he may ſee that *I* ſo much ſcorn him; you may read it at your leiſure.

Dom. Daughter, *I* will, and make him an example to fright all evill minded men like him, from daring to attempt ſuch noble Chaſtity.

Otr. *I* leave it now to your diſcretion; Father, for *I* have born but too much already to wiſh him longer ſafety.

Dom. I'le do it, and to the purpoſe, I'le ſeek him out inſtantly, farewel, Daughter. [*Exit Fryer.*

Flo. Here's a piece of Church-work now. This Love has made her a brave Engeneer.

Otr. Well, *Flora*, but am not *I* a wicked Wench, to uſe this good old man thus?

Flo.

Flo. Troth *I* believe you will never be Sainted for it.

Otr. Heaven pardon me, had *I* another way to hope the enjoyment of my longing wiſhes, *I* wou'd not uſe this, but love which draws me to it.

Flo. And that draws as ſtrong a Yoke of Oxen.

Otr. Makes all conſideration ſtoop to my paſſion; but *Flora*, did he ſay he wou'd come?

Flo. Yes, but neither *I* nor he know when, 'tis the untoward'ſt piece that ever tumbled out of a Woman.

Otr. This Letter, *I* hope, will bring him to me, I'le up to my Chamber and wiſh, pre'thee do thou ſit croſs-leg'd for me, it may bring good luck. [*Exit* Otr.

Flo. *I* ſee ſhe will have him, let him do his worſt. *I* do but think what a peck of troubles my worſhipful Eccleſiaſtical Uncle is in by this time, *I* know not how *I* ſhall come off with him, the beſt on't is, *I* have the key of the Houſe in my poſſeſſion, and he muſt come to Compoſition, before he can get to any more Cloaths. Ha, who have we here?

Enter Lodovico.

Lodovico too alone, muſing in a dump, *I* wonder what wind blows him hither.

Lod. What the Devil ſhou'd come into this Womans head to make her have a mind to me? ſhe needs muſt know *I* don't care for her, nor any of her kind, 'tis a witty and a prety Wench, and if ſhe will give her Maiden-head, and force it upon me, *I* cannot help it, 'tis no fault of mine, ha, look if *I* ha' not loſt my way with thinking on her, & the Devil has ſet me juſt over againſt the houſe, & there is her ſcout Miſtreſs too.

Flo. Speed ye, Sir, are you ſaying your prayers before hand to ſerve you to day and to morrow?

Lod. No, Madam muſtard, *I* am only praying to be deliver'd from ye, can you tell how *I* came hither?

Flo. Sir, *I* have delivered your Meſſage to my Coſin.

Lod. Or can you direct me how to get back again?

Flo. And ſhe expects the performance of your promiſe.

Lod. For *I* am in ſuch a Quandarie, *I* ſhall never find the way my ſelf.

Flo. If you will ſtep in now, you may ſee her, there is an excellent opportunity.

Lod. Or get me a Porter to ſhew me to my Lodging.

Flo. You don't mind me.

Lod. Not *I*, by my troth, what was't you ſaid?

Flo. Why, my Coſin, Sir.

Lod. O your Coſin, forſooth, commend me to her, and tell her, *I* will ſend her a powder for the Green-ſickneſs.

Flo.

Flo. I suppose you are turn'd Mounte-bank, Sir, I shall need some my self too, farewel. [*Exit* Flora.

Lod. And you may tell that------What, gone? well, 'tis e'en a fair riddance, I have scapt a railing, for I shou'd have vext her, that's certain. Curse on these Women, I am strangely tempted, yet won't be in Love.

Enter Prospero.

Pro. Lodovico, well met, what, I faith got so near your Mistress Lodging, now I see you will be converted.

Lod. No, you are mistaken, *Prospero*, I was thinking seriously on some thing or other, and lost my way.

Pro. On purpose came I to see how it is like to go with you, but whether do you think I am going?

Lod. Why, to a Wench it may be.

Pro. No, by my troth, I am not so lewdly given, but I am sorry you put me in mind on't.

Lod. Whither is't then?

Pro. Why, e'en to borrow a wheel-barrow, an arm full of fresh straw, and a strong Porter.

Lod. Hey day, what to do?

Pro. To plant them at the Tavern-door, to bring home Seignior *Alberto*'s Worship in, I'm sure he'l thank me for't to morrow.

Lod. Poor Gentleman, then we shall have him to morrow undo himself in small-beer and civil Oranges.

Enter Flora *running*, Grimani *following her with a stick.*

Flo. Help, help, good Gentlemen save me.

Pro. How, now, what is the matter?

Gri. You filthy Carrion, I'le break your bones.

Lod. Ha' you met with your match, little spit-fire, who has abus'd you?

Flo. O Gentlemen, that ugly maungy, ill-look foot boy has hunted me like a Hare.

Gri. I'le tear thee limb by limb, not leave a piece of thee so big as a wall-nut.

Pro. Saucy Rascal, keep off.

Gri. You, what are you that stops me? hinder me not, but let me chastise that damnable Woman.

Flo. O good Gentlemen, let him not come near me.

Lod. What fellow is this? whose man is he?

Flo. Alas, I know not, but he fell upon me in the street, with ill language, which he wou'd have followed with blows, but that the nimbleness of my heels helpt me to this timely rescue.

Gri. You there that guard her, look to your selves, and let her go, you had best, that curst thing has ingross'd all mischief to her self, if

ever

ever there was a Whore of *Babylon* in Christendom, this was her tire woman, and Tutor, and taught her above half her good Qualities, she is the veriest arrant incarnate Devil.

Lod. Impudent Rogue, do you long for kicking?

Flo. That he does without doubt, Gentlemen, pray let him not want it, O good Sir, save me.

Gri. Rascals, if you preserve her longer from my vengeance, I'le have you both hang'd, and she betwixt you.

Pro. Nay then, Sirrah, you must have it.

Gri. What do you mean, you slaves, you know me well enough, and so does that Monster too, for all her dissembling.

Lod. We know you, Sirrah, why, what are you?

Flo. O Gentlemen, hold your anger, *I* know him now, alass, it is my Uncle.

Gri. Am *I* so, Gibcat?

Pro. Your Uncle, what *Grimani*, the rich old Senator?

Flo. The very same, but *I* admire he should abuse his dignity so much to appear in this habit.

Gri. Do you so, witch, now *I* hope *I* may have liberty to use her as she deserves.

Lod. Nay, fye Sir, does this suit with your quality? *I* thought you had been old enough to have left these boys tricks at these years, ha, ha, ha.

Gri. 'Tis very well.

Pro. A Senator and go a Mumming, ha, ha, ha.

Gri. Very fine, better and better, laugh on, but *I* shall make ye all smart for't, that *I* shall.

Pro. and *Lod.* Ha, ha, ha.

Flo. Well, Gentlemen, now let him loose to me, Uncle, pray let you and *I* come to a parley a little, you know what *I* know of well enough, though *I* have not yet discovered your taking a Fryer's habit, and abusing the Church, yet *I* can do it, and if you be not patient and come to Composition with me quickly, *I* vvill do it.

Gri. Do'st thou not consider, Baggage, hovv thou hast abus'd me already, and dost thou persist?

Flo. All's one for that, *I* vvill do it vvorse, *I* vvill set the Inquisition on your back, if you do not come to termes, besides you knovv I am commander of the Castle, not a rag of Cloaths you get at, you shall foot it in this fine garb, and vve shall see you vvithin this hour, at the head of a Regiment of Boys; and then these tvvo Gentlemen and I vvill laugh at you out of your ovvn vvindovvs.

Gri. You vvill, you say, this is brave.

Lod. This Wench has Roguery enough to vex the vvhole Senate, vve'l Seignior *Grimani*, you see hovv the case stands, if you vvill take a

friends

friends advice, compound with her, you see she's resolv'd.

Gri. Why, will you do all these things, Neece?

Flo. As sure as you did to ther: nay, be quick, I will offer you no more, my Cosin, and I can easily make our own safeties.

Gri. What will you do, fly to a Cloyster? I will fetch you out with a murrain to ye.

Flo. No, no, Sir, we'l make surer work than any thing of Religion can afford us, we will be marry some body or other; these two Gentlemen or the next we meet, there are younger Brothers enough about the Town will be glad of us.

Pro. You must close with her, you see there's no remedy.

Gri. Well, *Flora*, thou hast almost broke my heart, thou hast got the better on me, but because I can do no otherwise, I will forgive thee upon condition thou play'st me no more of these tricks: come, give me the key.

Flo. Nay, soft Uncle, two words to a bargain, *I* must have conditions, and your Credit ingaged for the performance, before these two Gentlemen.

Lod. Rare wench, I cou'd almost find in my heart to hate Women no longer.

Gri. Will you never leave? well, speak your Conditions, if it be a Gown or a Petticoat, & to make no more words, thou shalt have them.

Flo. No, Uncle, 'tis Liberty, free liberty for us to go abroad when we please, to laugh, talk, dance, sing, and take the Air, as other young Ladies do, when, and with whom we shall think fit, to have what Gowns and Dressings we have a mind to, and not to have our Actions pry'd into by your base jealousie.

Pro. These Conditions are but fair, you must grant them.

Flo. If you will do't, say the word; if not, you apprehend what will follow, you know I love mischief.

Gri. I, too well, I see *I* must grant them, for there is no help for't; well, Gentlewoman, you shall have this Liberty, will that content you?

Flo. Swear then upon your honour to perform the bargain before these Witnesses.

Gri. But then you shall engage to play me no more tricks.

Flo. That's as you deserve, Uncle; till you force me to it, I promise you I won't; will you swear?

Gri. I do swear, but how shall I know you will preserve your honours?

Flo. Let us alone, they'l be safest in our own keeping: bear witness, Gentlemen.

Lod. We do, and we shall expect you keep your word.

Gri. You are a couple of sweet Youths to assist a rebellious Woman in her disobedience.

Lod. We do nothing but what becomes us.

Enter Giacomo *in a Blanket.*

Gia. 'Tis very cold weather, by'r Lady, were it not for this welsh Cloak I shou'd be starv'd, if I could find my Master now, 'tis ten to one but we shou'd change habits agen.

Pro. What have we here, an Irish Teag?

Gia. O Master, have I found you? I'le be sworn I have worn out my shooes in seeking you, I have been at all the Tap-houses in Town, at the Custard-Womans, and her that your Worship bought Pudding-pies of, for your old Stockings. I have been at the Conning-mans to see if he cou'd help me to you, and because I heard you say you wou'd hide your self, I have been in the Subburbs to try if you were not earth'd in some of those warrens there, but you were no where to be found.

Gri. I. Giacomo, here I am, thy old Master still, all that's left of me, but I have been us'd like a Jew; have you carried the Fryer his Habit home?

Gia. Yes, Sir, and he lent me here you may see three quarters of his bed-cloaths to cover my nakedness, I told him what a lamentable pickle you were in, he presents his service to ye, and bid me tell you he is very sorry for your heavines.

Gri. You Dog, Whelp, have you told him? I shall be discovered by the Rognes babling, and utterly undone.

Gia. Pray Sir, be not angry, I did it for the best.

Lod. Ha, ha, ha, nay, good Sir, no more fury.

Flo. Pray Uncle be patient, we will do well enough, I warrant you the Fryer will be easily charm'd to silence: come, if you will go in, may be I may cast a figure for your Cloaths *Giacomo* was rob'd of.

Gri. Well, I must bear, the best on't is, I shall have liberty to fret alone, anger and fury do my heart strings cloy, but patience.

Flo. Perforce is a medicine for a mad Dog.

[*Exit* Gri. Flo. *and* Gia.

Lod. 'Tis a brave story, wou'd we knew it all, I will see this Lady, and it be but to inform my self in all the passages of it.

Pro. I see an easie matter will carry you to her, fare you well, Sir, I must about my employment, *Alberto* may be left in the suds.

[*Exit* Prof.

Lod. Speed ye, I will go see her, I will not, pox of it, I must go drink away this fit, no other way to cure it, but drowning.

Enter Dominico.

Dom. Stay, *Lodovico*, a word with you.

Lod. The Fryer again, bless me, what's a foot now?

Dom. I am glad I have lit upon you, there's your Letter that you sent, both that and your's, and now expect the severest censure of the Church; I shall make you an example. [*Exit Fryer*

Lod. Another trick. I shall be excommunicated for not loving this Woman, let's see the superscription. *These*

Theſe to the fair Otrante.

Very good, and I writ this I warrant; ſ'foot, 'tis ſo long ſince I wrote any thing, I believe I have forgot: well, to proceed to the Inſide.

Faireſt Otrante,

Very good.

I Am flatter'd by my hopes, that you cannot hate one that ſo much loves you, nor can I believe it, till you pleaſe to tell me ſo your ſelf; this afternoon I hear your Father is to go forth, I will walk before your door, and when you ſee the moſt convenient time, be pleas'd to hang a ſcarf out of your window, and at that ſign I'le come and knock gently at your Gate, where, if you pleaſe to appoint one that you dare truſt to let me in, you will admit the moſt paſſionate of all Lovers. Lodovico.

She has promis'd for me more in my name, then I ſhall e're make good. Um, the moſt paſſionate of all Lovers, *Lodovico*. The World, the Fleſh, and the Devil, met in Women. Honeſt ſhe cannot be, that's impoſſible, ſhe knows I cannot love her well enough to marry her; beſides no honeſt Woman would e're have made her Confeſſor her Pander, *I* ſee ſhe has a mind *I* ſhould begin, (to *Villanore*, for him, her Coſin told me, her Father went to match her to) be it ſo, *I* muſt e'en do't perforce againſt my will.

Women are Natures wonders, made for men,
Firſt to be born of, then deſtroy'd agen.

Actus quartus. Scena prima.

Enter Franciſco.

Fra. LEt him be Noble, *I* will be reveng'd, Honour muſt veil when Injury commands to ſtrike, and *I* will do it home, 'tis life muſt pay the Ranſom of my loſs, twice he has given me mine; debts which cannot be repay'd, unleſs the Creditors blood do cancel the Obligation, 'tis too great a ſhame to let him live, and be his debtor ſtill: Theſe Rogues (though Cowards) I muſt again employ, they are Villains to my wiſh, and ſhou'd *I* ſee for other ſeconds to my laſt deſigns, who knows but they may be honeſt like *Lodovico*, and then *I* am ſpoyl'd. No, it muſt be they, or none.

Enter Alberto *drunk, led in by a Tavern-boy.*

Alb. Boy. *Boy.* Here, Sir. *Alb.* Why Boy, I ſay.

Boy. Here, Sir, what wou'd you have?

Alb. Lead me to that Wench, Boy.

Boy. Wench, Sir, where is there any Wench?

Alb. Why, doſt thou not ſee her there, ſtanding with her Arms a Kemb: a little nearer, Rogue, O ſweet Wench, come and buſs me.

Fra. What, *Alberto*, and drunk? 'tis well you are ſo: had you been ſober, *I* ſhould have reckon'd a little with you.

Alb. Come huſwife, ſhall thou and I have a delicate tumble on this Bed.

Fra. This drunken puppy takes me for a waſt-coateer, farewel, till you are ſober. [*Exit* Fran.

Alb. Stay, what thou gone ſweet-heart? come, Boy, throw me down upon the Bed alone then.

What Bed, Sir? here's no Bed.

Alb. Why, that Bed there; art thou blind, Boy?

Boy. I ſee no Bed, will you walk to your Lodging?

Alb. Do'ſt think I am drunk, and talk idlely, Boy? Sirrah, I ſay throw me down there quickly, or I will kick thee.

Boy. For Heavens ſake be quiet; Sir, you will be ſeen elſe.

Alb. Saucy Rogue, bid a Gentleman be quiet, take that.

Boy. So, now you have laid your ſelf down, for ſhame get up, Sir.

Alb. What, cannot a man ſleep at quiet in his Bed for you, you bawling Baſtard, ſet me ſome ſmall-beer, get me another Blanket, and put out the Candle.

Boy. Are you mad, why, you are in the ſtreet, Sir?

Alb. Then remove me into the Kennel, that no body tread on me.

Boy. If you won't riſe, I'le leave you, Sir.

Alb. Be gone, and be hang'd, you but diſturb me.

Boy. Fare you well, Sir.

Alb. Sirrah, ſhut the door after you, and throw in the Key, I ſhall catch cold if I riſe in my Shirt.

Boy. Good night, Sir, you have but a hard Lodging on't, I doubt Sir, ha, ha, ha.

Enter Pietro *and* Peſauro, *ſtumbling at* Alb.

Pie. Hoy'ſt, a plague on them for laying Logs in the way.

Peſ. A log, you Rogue, you alwayes ſtumble upon your preferment. A prize, a prize, ſee if he be alive or dead.

Pie. This is a wind-fall, and belongs to the Lord of the Mannor, he breaths, only aſleep, ſomething drunk I conceive; ſoh, what a belch was that, he ſmels of Muſcudel and Tobacco lewdly.

Peſ. Pick his pockets, and let him ſtink till his heart akes, go you to'ther ſide.

Pie. S'foot, here's nothing but braſs money and falſe Dice; and here nothing but an Antidote againſt the Pox.

Peſ. Let's ſee if that may be worth ſomewhat; a Syringe, is that all? I doubt ſome body has been nibling here before us; his Cloak, Hat, and Sword, are worth a little, that's the beſt on't.

Pie. By your leave, Sir, I muſt make bold to put you in querpo, this hat is ſomething heavy, 'tis not for your wearing, your Sword too, now you are drunk, you might do miſchief with it; a Sword in a mad mans hand is dangerous.

Peſ.

Peſ. Try to ſlip off his Doublet without waking of him.

Pie. Pox on't, 'tis riveted on I think. *Alb.* Aw, aw.

Pie. He wakes, away, away, we're pretty well paid for our pains.

Peſ. Whither ſhall's carry them?

Pie. Why, to my old Land-lady's, whither ſhou'd we carry them? She and her ſmug Daughter, will make us welcome.

Peſ. Well, come then.

Pie. Why do'it not go, you don't ſtrain Complements at the door, I hope.

Peſ. O, your Servant, Sir, I beſeech you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Proſpero.

Pro. 'Tis ſtrange I cannot find him, drunk he is, that's not to be queſtioned, but whither he's ſtaggered, 'tis paſt my skill to learn: what have we here, an Emblem of mortality, a man kill'd? here has been foul play. O Diabolo, 'tis *Alberto*, nay, there is hopes he may live agen, for though he be dead, drunk, I'le try to wake him; *Alberto*, Seignior *Alberto*, ſtirs not, on my Conſcience he'l be the eighth Sleeper; why *Alberto* get up for ſhame.

Alb. Aw, aw, what the plague ails you?

Pro. A fine ſhort pithy queſtion, and one it ſeems, he cares not to be anſwered too, for he's aſleep already: *Alberto*, *Alberto*, wake man, and get up.

Alb. Aw, aw, what a troubleſome fellow is this?

Pro. Why, here are Rogues come to kill you.

Alb. Go to e'm, and bid e'm ſtay till I am at leiſure, I am very buſie now.

Pro. Why, *Alberto*, don't you know me; I am *Proſpero*, I am your friend *Proſpero*, that wou'd have you wake, and go home to your Lodging.

Alb. Stay, ſtay, maſs I think thou art *Proſpero*, indeed.

Pro. I, I, come, get up. *Alb.* Help, me then; ſo where am I?

Pro. Why, in the middle of the ſtreet.

Alb. Why the Devil I am, I thought I had been at home; am not I drunk?

Pro. As heart can wiſh; where's your Hat, Cloak, and Sword?

Alb. I know nothing of them, nor any thing elſe; nay, I am drunk, for I find I have ſuch a taking in my limbs I cannot ſtand, pre'thee lead me.

Pro. Hold faſt, then.

Alb. I am plaugy cold, I have dreamt of nothing but Froſts and Snows, pre'thee ſet fire of a houſe, and lead me to it.

Pro. Come, let's be going. *Alb.* March on, march on. [*Exeunt ambo.*

Enter Pietro *and* Peſauro.

Pie. Now let's rejoyce over our late ſucceſs, as mighty Conquerors in time of yore over their thieving victories, now can we enjoy our ſelves

selves for three whole dayes together, be idle, lazy, or be drunk, scold with our Hostess, kick down the Chamber-maid, and domineer like Lords among their Tennants.

Pes. I am all Air, three dayes hence is as far off to me, as three whole years; when it comes, it comes, till then we'l laugh and sing.

Pie. Faith, thou say'st true, let's e'en celebrate this Festival with the Song *I* made of our fellow Thieves, that is of all the World: Hem, pox of this Cold, pre'thee put down thy hand, and rake my throat.

Pes. Come, sing, I think thou hast the better pipe.

Pie. But thou singest with more Judgment.

The Poets and Wits of all Ages and Times,
For wittily stealing, were Circled with Bayes:
Old Hesiod *rob'd a blind man for his Rimes,*
And Terence *new vampt another man's Playes.*
The Night does rob the Day of the Sun,
And Cynthia *steals her Brothers Rayes;*
The hours do steal by, and away from us run,
And Summer cheats Winter, to make him long dayes.
The Soul's a quaint Thief, and does subtly devise
To steal into the Body, when first it comes thither,
And there she sits safe until a man dyes:
Then steals out again, no man knows how, or whither.
The Thief is the only man that lives well,
The World is his Slave, and Fortune his Friend;
He understands more than the wisest can tell;
For he certainly knows what shall be his end.
Cho. *Thou Rogue, thou Cheat, thou Thief; Thieves let's all be,*
Since the World's a thief as well as we. [Dance.

Enter Francisco.

Fra. So merry, I shall spoyl your sport, by and by.

Pes. S'foot, *Pietro*, yonder's the Gentleman, we are undone.

Fra. Dogs, have I ketch you? I'le help to mend your mirth, so Jolly with your Doxys too, you cowardly Curs, do you remember how you left me to the Mercy of my Enemies?

Pie. O good Sir, forgive us, alas, we did our best, but what cou'd two poor starv'd Creatures do against a couble of cram'd fellows that lives by fighting?

Fra. No matter for that, come, if you have any Devotions to say, down upon your mary-bones quickly, for I am resolv'd to cut your throats.

Pes. Alas, Sir, we have neither of us our Beads about us, give us but leave to go and get some body to help us say our prayers, and then use your pleasure.

Pie. Good sweet Sir, be but pleas'd to make use of us once again, and

and you ſhall ſee how faithfully we will ſerve you: now our bellies are full, we can fight mainly.

Fra. No, Hell-hounds, I'le truſt you no more: prepare.

Pie. O good, good, ſweet, good, dear, fine, brave, gentle, merciful Gentleman.

Fra. Come, are you ready?

Pef. Good Sir, we are at your mercy, but for Charity ſake do not kill us, what can our deaths profit you?

Fra. Why, if I ſhould not kill you, but employ you again, how ſhou'd I be aſſured of your fidelity?

Pie. If we don't ſerve you in any thing, be it never ſo full of hazard, if you ſay but the word, then truſs us up the next tree you come to.

Fra. Well, Rogues, if you fail me once more, look to't, I'le have no mercy, *I* have work for you.

Pie. We humbly than you, Sir, and vvill employ our lives to ſerve you.

Fra. Well, the buſineſs at *Grimani's* old houſe is the thing I ſtill purpoſe, to night it muſt be done, therefore if you do aſſiſt me, come to my Lodging about nine at night, and I'le inſtruct you.

Pie. We vvill not fail you, Sir.

Fra. Farevvel. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

Enter Grimani, Otrante, Flora, *and* Giacomo.

Gri. You have us'd me finely betvvixt you, but you vvill repent it both, e're I have done vvith you.

Flo. Remember your Articles, Uncle.

Gri. Well, Waſp, I vvill be as good as my vvord; *Giacomo*, go fetch me dovvn my other Cloak, the Beaver, and the maſſy Gloves the French Count gave me at *Paris*, and the knotted Cane vvith the great ſilver head; I muſt be fine to meet theſe Merchants: you Gentlevvomen, I adviſe you to uſe the Liberty you have got as becomes you. [*Exit* Gia.

Flo. We ſhall, Sir, I cou'd vviſh you not ſtay out too late, the nights are ſharp, you knovv not hovv much you may vvrong your health; indeed *I* am careful of you.

Gri. Cunning diſſembling Gypſie, *I* will not hurt my ſelf, *I* vvarrant ye: give me my things, lay the others by, diſpatch and follovv me, up to your Chambers, I'le be at home by nine, and then *I* have ſomething to impart to ye. [*Exit* Gri.

Otr. And vvhilſt you are abroad, *I* have ſomething to employ my ſelf about, if *Lodovico* fail not.

Enter Giacomo.

Gia. Is my Maſter gone?

Flo. I, Giacomo, but he ſhou'd have been advis'd to take the day vvith him, tvvo heads are vviſer than one; yet novv I think on't, thoulart going

going after him, and that vvill be as vvell.

Gia. Will it ſo? well Miſtreſs, I'le tell him what you ſay.

Flo. You had as good be hang'd. [*Exit* Gia.

Otr. Do'ſt think he will come, *Flora?*

Flo. Come, I, why ſhou'd he not come? de'e think he won't come? that were a good jeſt, I faith.

Otr. I, but if he ſhou'd not.

Flo. If it ſhou'd not rain this twelve moneths, we ſhou'd have a dry Summer on't. I'le pawn my beſt Petticoat to a farthing Candle on't, he comes aſſoon as we hang out the Colours.

Otr. But what if my Father ſhou'd return?

Flo. Piſh, fear not that, he's getting money, a Trade he loves too well, he wou'd not come back to ſave the City fireing, till he has done his buſineſs?

Otr. Pray Heaven, he don't, I am very fearful.

Flo. Come, never be faint-hearted, I'le go hang out the ſcarf.

Otr. What bold deſignes have I adventur'd on? and what Interpretations may they carry? Love blinds me, but I have ſtill this ſatisfaction within my ſelf, that all my aims are honeſt and noble.

[Flora *hangs out the ſcarf.*

Flo. Does it hang right, Coſin?

Otr. This mad Wench has don't; I, I, 'tis well enough, come down, I'le wait you in the Parlour. [*Exit* Otrante.

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Now I am running upon the Pikes, this is the hour, and here's the houſe, ſee the flag of defiance hung out and all, if this ſhou'd be a trick now to abuſe me, as why ſhou'd I not expect it from her that ſcruples not to abuſe the Church and her own Father; If it be, 'twill be a ſure warning to me to meddle no more with any of theſe ſhe-vermins; I have no mind to be doing with this Woman now, but hang it. But why ſhou'd *I* live in ignorance of what it is? I'le do't an be but to ſatisfie my Curioſity: I'le knock.

Flo. *within.* Who is there, *Lodovico?*

Lod. I, the ſame, that is the bawdy turn-key.

Flo. Come in quickly, that I may ſhut the door.

Lod. Now, ſome body pray for me. [*Exit* Lodovico.

A Table, two Chairs.

Enter Lodovico, Otrante, *and* Flora.

Flo. Novv they are together, ſpeed the Plough.

Otr. You ſee hovv *I* have tranſgreſt the bonds of modeſty, and as *I* had chang'd Sexes ſollicited, vvhere *I* might have expected an addreſs.

Lod. Madam, you ſee hovv vvilling *I* am to ſerve ye, I have conquer'd an humour that vvas almoſt invincible, to come and ſee you, therefore

therefore let me beg that employment you have for me to do, let me do it quickly, for *I* am like fish out of the water here; come, Madam if you please to send your Cosin off.

Otr. What de'e mean, Sir?

Lod. O, let's withdraw into your Chamber, there's a pallet sure.

Flo. O brave, no more but up and ride.

Otr. Bless me, *I* am mistaken, in the man: is this the brave, the noble honest *Lodovico?* this lustful Villain.]

Lod. Nay, Madam, pray let's dispatch, you have a mind *I* should begin to *Villanore*; *I* am ready, why do you stay?

Flo. Is this the Courtship you use to Women?

Lod. Why, do they use to be Courted otherwise?

Otr. Yes, Monster, honest Women do, is this the scorning all our Sex, and bidding defiance to Women? I thought you had been noble minded, and not to have been won from strict humour, but by the pitch of Vertue, which perhaps you thought none of us ever arrived at, and I resolv'd to shew you *I* was Mistress of.

Lod. Why, are you honest, then?

Flo. Marry gap, there's a question spur'd. *Otr.* Are you a Knave?

Lod. Nay, 'tis as *I* expected, *I* thought *I* shou'd be abus'd, *I* knew well enough no woman cou'd love me, and yet *I* must run my self into the Bryers.

Otr. I hate you now, more than ever *I* loved you? you have your answer, Sir, there lyes your way, and now report women have vertue and honour.

Lod. Honest, say you? hang me if I am not turning, pray Madam, stay a little, let me look upon you; On my Conscience you are the first woman *I* ever talkt to.

Otr. Well, look on, Sir, (hang me, *I* love him still)

Lod. She is handsom, she's rich, she's vertuous, such a woman is made to be loved for certain, & why shou'd not *I* love her? pox I will love her.

Otr. Have you look't enough, Sir?

Lod. *I* shall never, can you forgive me, Madam? *I* am become penitent, and your Convert. *Otr.* If you are truly so, *I* can.

Lod. I never said my prayers more heartily than *I* repent: but can you love me too? *Otr.* If your intents be noble.

Lod. Madam, they are Chast as your unspotted self; I was a Heretick to love when I came hither, but now *I* am happily your proselite.

Otr. Thanks to my fate, then here receive a hand, and with that hand a heart that has been yours, since first you made the Ramport of my honour; yet do not think me light by being so free; *I* love ye, *I* confess, but vertue in you more than your person; and if you leave that, *I* must forsake to'ther. *Lod.* I'le leave my being first.

Flo. Well, now *I* see they will have one another,

Otr. Heark, *Flora*, what noiſe is that? [*Knocking within.*

Flo. Noiſe; I hear no noiſe, 'tis but your fancy.

Otr. Heark, again; O me, my fears.

Flo. Marry ſome body knocks indeed, *I* hope not my Uncle.

Lod. You have not brought me, to betray me, Lady.

Otr. Alas, I love you, too too well.

Alb. *within.* Who, Illo, ho Miſtreſs, Madam *Flora*.

Flo. O, hang him, 'tis my Sweet-heart, *Alberto*; he's gotten foxt and the wine hallows in his head.

Otr. I am glad 'tis not my Father.

Lod. For Heavens ſake let him in, he's in a rare humour.

Flo. He'l but trouble us, I'le ſend him away.

Lod. Good Madam, bring him in, it will be rare ſport.

Alb. *within ſings.* *He took her about the middle ſo ſmall,*
And threw her upon the ground.

Flo. He will never be quiet till he be let in.

Otr. Beſhrew me, I was ſorely frighted.

Lod. Well, Madam, ſince we are thus well agreed, when ſhall we be married? now I am for it as much as ever I was againſt it, pray ſay to morrow.

Otr. That's a little too ſhort warning.

Lod. Not for a haſty bargain in Love.

Enter Alberto, *pulling in* Flora, *and ſinging.*

Alb. *He took her about the middle ſo ſmall,*
And threw her upon the ground.

Flo. If you have any more of that Song, I'le turn you out of door again; you will never leave this Ribaldry, you are in a ſweet pickle.

Alb. Bravely ſcoul'd, wench, I'le ſo ſmuggle thee.

Flo. Stand away, and leave fooling; where's your Sword and cloak?

Alb. Vaniſht, gone; Hat, and all run away, I borrowed this juſt now of our Herb-woman to come & ſee thee: Ah ho Seignior *Lodovico* got ſo near my Coſin, that muſt be, *I* am glad to ſee it: Madam, this is the Gentleman *I* told you of, take him upon my word, he's as good a piece of Stuff——

Lod. The Rogue is ſelling me in Drapers phraſe.

Otr. He's beholding to you, Seignior *Alberto*.

Alb. Marry is he, and more he ſhall be: come, when is't a match, I long to be taking off a garter, I'le go find out the old man and ſpeak a good word for you preſently.

Lod. Ha, ha, ha, he is as hot in the head as an Oven, on my Conſcience, and he ſhou'd light on him, he wou'd do it.

Alb. Come, let's ſing a catch, hang ſorrow, let's be merry.

Flo. Go home and ſleep.

Alb. Would'ſt have me ſleep everlaſtingly? I have been twice aſleep already,

already; once in the High-ways, and ſince under a Bed, and yet all won't do't.

Flo. Heark ye, *Alberto*, you muſt needs be gone, you diſturb your friend and my Coſin in their Conference, pray go and come agen to morrow, and I'le ſpeak with ye.

Alb. Well, I ſee you have a mind to be rid of me, fare you well, uſe your time whilſt you have it, and be married quickly, leſt the old man fore-ſtall the Market.

Flo. I ſhall have a ſpecial bargain of him, I muſt lock him out.

Lod. 'Tis an honeſt drunken Raſcal, But he gives us good advice; pray Madam, let's be married to morrow, I am loth to truſt my ſelf, for fear I ſhou'd cool again. { *Exeunt* Alberto *and* Flo. *And enter* Flora *again.*

Otr. So am I too. Why, is your love ſo weakly grounded?

Lod. Not ſo, but you know 'tis a ſtrange thing to me, and I like it ſo well, I wou'd not be tempted from it; good Madam, if you love me half ſo well as I love you, you will grant I am ſure.

Otr. 'Twill be a mad adventure, what will people ſay of us? beſides, how can it be done?

Lod. Mad let it be, and let them talk till their hearts ake; when 'tis done, 'tis done, let me alone to continue it. I'le bring a couple of friends to night, and *Alberto* ſhall be one of them, if your Coſin *Flora* will contrive to let us in at the Garden Gate, we will convey you ſafely to my Houſe, I'le have a Prieſt ready, and we will all four to work: come, Madam, I know you are ſo good Natur'd, you will not deny it.

Flo. Faith Coſin, you muſt e'en do't, ſtrike while the Iron is hot, now or never.

Otr. But what will my Father do?

Flo. He will marry you to *Villanore*, if you don't, and then you may repent at leiſure, what ſay you?

Otr. Well, I will do't, but *I* am very fearful.

Lod. That word makes me live, Madam, we will be here about twelve without fail; you will be ready.

Flo. I'le warrant you, I'le manage things within doors; ne're look melancholy for the matter, it will be but one Brunt o'th Old man's anger, and when the ſtorm's over, all will be well again.

Otr. Pray Heaven, it may: heark again, another knock, if this be my Father I am ruin'd.

Flo. I'le go ſee. [*Exit* Flora.

Lod. Come, do not fear, my faireſt, all will be well; how now, who is't?

Flo. Alas, undone, 'tis my Uncle and his Man.

Otr. Ay me. [*She ſinks.*

Flo. Look to her, is this a time to faint in? call up your ſpirits, muſter

all your wits to avert the Storm that threatens you.

Gri. *within.* Daughter, Neece, the Devil, are you all deaf.

Flo. Who is't that keeps a noise there? Dispatch, do some what or other, quickly.

Gri. *within.* Your Uncle, *Flora.*

Lod. I have a Sword, I am sure will bring me off.

Otr. O, do not use it, that will ruin us.

Flo. You my Uncle, you are some cunning Rogue that knows he's gone from home, and come to rob him; troop up, or else I'le wash you from the door; dispatch, for shame.

Otr. Dear *Lodovico*, get under the Table, and lye there close a little, we'l contrive him off some way presently.

Gri. *within.* 'Tis I, *Grimani* my self, you know my voice.

Lod. Well, if there be no remedy, I must: this is a judgment, come cover me, am I hid?

Flo. Well enough, I'le let him in. [*Exit* Flora.

Otr. Heaven be propitious now, or I am lost for ever, I must take heed my hopes betray me not.

Enter Grimani, Flora, *and* Giacomo.

Gri. This is fine, that I must stand at my own door so long, and none of you vouchsafe to let me in.

Otr. Indeed our care injur'd our duty, we not expected your return so soon, and so thought it might have been some one else that came with bad intents.

Gri. Indeed I returned sooner than I thought for, what were you and your Cosin doing now?

Flo. Uncle, we were piecing your old Ruffs in the neck, you wear them out extreamly behind.

Gri. Well, lay by your work, we will have a game at Cards, *Giacomo*, go fetch some Cards and Counters, picket, you play well at it. [*Exit* Giacomo.

Otr. I am no Gamester, but if you please to play, I'le have a fire made in your Chamber, the Weather's cold.

Enter Giacomo *with Cards.*

Gri. No, no, 'tis well enough here, sit down; come, lift, I deal, how many take you in?

Otr. (I fear I shall be discovered) I take seven, Sir.

Gri. Take them, and I will have all the rest. So now, what say you to the point?

Otr. A little game, some three and fifty.

Gri. 'Tis good hunch out.

Otr. Quart Major.

Gri. And that too, I think the Dog's got under the Table.

Flo. If he be found, he will be made a Puppy of.

Otr. Three Kings. *Gri.*

Gri. No, that's not good: come out, this Cur.

Otr. Nine, and there's ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen.

Gri. I had forgot my Aces; this filthy Dog will bite me by the ſhins, anon.

Otr. No, Sir, 'Tis a gentle Cur.
You have loſt your Aces fourteen.

Gri. Come out, and be hang'd, or I'le fetch you out.

Flo. I muſt have a trick for this, I ſee.

Otr. Pray Sir, let him alone, he will not hurt you.

Gri. Go fetch me the Dog-whip; an ugly Cur, no other place to ſleep in, out, out, to Kennel Bull; go fetch me the whip, I ſay.

Enter Flora *with a piece a paper and a Candle.*

Gia. I'le be hang'd if the dog be there, this is ſome kind of Miſtery or other.

Gri. I cannot play for this Dog; out, out, I ſay.

Flo. He'l foul the Houſe if you beat him, Uncle.

Gri. Then you may make it clean again.

[Flora *pins the paper behind him, fires it.*

Flo. Alas the day, fire, fire, Uncle, look about you.

Gri. Where? where? O thou damn'd Quean.

[*Ex* Grimani *running after* Flora.

Otr. Ha, ha, ha, this plaguy Wench has helpt us out at a pinch; up, up, *Lodovico*, and be gone quickly.

Lod. Well, I think you have had tryal enough of my love, I wou'd not endure ſuch another bout for the Dukedom. Farewell.

[*Exit* Lod.

Otr. I will not fail you, this Wench will be brain'd, here he comes, he has miſt her.

Enter Grimani *and* Giacomo.

Gri. Hell and damnation, loſt her too, I'le burn her for a witch, aſſoon as I find her; are you there ſtill, go, Magpy, up to your Cage, I'le trunce you; Sirrah, look about for her, and bring her me.

[*Exeunt* Otr. *and* Gri.

Gia. No, Maſter, I'le keep her out of your clutches as long as I can, *I* have locked her in the Buttery, or ſhe had been worried before this time.

Enter Alberto.

Alb. You Squire of the body, are not you *Grimani*'s man?

Gia. Yes, Sir, what then? how ca m you into the houſe?

Alb. On my leggs, and in at that door, how ſhould *I* come in; go tell your Maſter *I* wou'd ſpeak with him.

Gia. This is like the fellow that rob'd me, but that he has not ſuch a beard, I'le call him to you.

Alb. Now am I juſt mad enough to do any kind of miſchief, *I* know

no

no more than a Horſe what to ſay to *Grimani*, I have no buſineſs with him; but *I* will talk to him however, *I* have had a whisking rattle.

Enter Grimani *and* Giacomo.

Gri. Who is this wou'd ſpeak with me?

Gia. That's he, Sir.

Gri. What's your buſineſs with me?

Alb. Nay, be not angry, ſweet Senator, *I* come out of kindneſs to ſee you, knowing *I* am to be your kinſman ſhortly.

Gri. You my kinſman, upon what acquaintance?

Alb. Only by marriage, Sir, your pretty Neece and *I* feel our pulſes beat one towards another.

Gri. Raſcal, come to abuſe me in my own houſe.

Alb. Nay, good Uncle, that muſt be: no anger, I beſeech you, *I* have other buſineſs with you, namely, to ſpeak a good word to you in behalf of a civil young Gentleman, my acquaintance, one Seignior *Lodovico*, that has a moneths mind to your pretty Daughter.

Gri. Has he ſo? this is very fine, and you are a fine impudent Rogue to prate to me thus.

Alb. Ha, ha, ha, take heed, Anthpuitie, you will drop a tile by and by if you wear out your ſelf ſo faſt.

Gri. Out of my doors, ſlave, *I* can be abus'd faſt enough by my own people; out of my doors, if *I* light of you and your fellow Rogue, I will make Rogues of you,

Alb. Ha, ha, ha.

Gri. De'e ye grin and be hang'd; *Giacomo*, go fetch me my long Sword; out of my doors, if thou ſtay'ſt till *I* come down again, *I'*le cut thy throat, Rogue; Ragamuffian, *I* will.

[*Exeunt* Gri. *and* Gia.

Alb. Ha, ha, ha, ha, how have I baited this old Coxcomb; but am not *I* a puppy, thus to talk to him? Now will theſe two poor Wenches be mew'd up, *I* ſee I muſt go ſleep the other bout, or *I* ſhall never be ſober, this drunkenneſs ſpoils me.

But that and I ſo well agree,
That I ſhall ne're leave that, till that leaves me. [*Exit.*

Actus quintus.

Enter Lodovico, Proſpero, *and* Alberto.

Pro. GIve you good Ev'n, Seignior, or if you pleaſe, good morrow, how goes it with you?

Alb. Faith, with much ado *I* am got ſober now, and that's all.

Lod. 'Twas more than time, you were in a rare Condition this afternoon when you came to ſee your Miſtreſs.

Alb. Pox, *I* was ſober enough to do buſineſs, and *I* think *I* did you ſome ſimple ſervice too, *I* am ſure *I* did my endeavour.

Lod. Why, what did you for me?

Alb.

Alb. E'ne as I told you, I found out the old man, and ſpoke one good word for my ſelf, and two for you.

Lod. Why, was the Devil in thee? thou haſt ruin'd all, ſure thou doſt but jeſt.

Alb. 'Tis e'ne as ſure as that I was hot headed, *I* ſtumbled into the houſe, *I* knew not how, lighted upon him and ſpoke the ſweeteſt words to him.

Lod. Was'ther ever ſuch a drunken Raſcal, to do theſe mad things? Prethee what did he ſay to thee?

Alb. He looked as if he had juſt come from the Bear-garden, and had himſelf been baited inſtead of the beaſt; he ſtampt, raved, and fum'd ſo, that *I* ſhou'd have been afraid he wou'd have eaten me if he had had any teeth.

Lod. This has given him ſuch an Alarum, that if this nights opportunity ſhou'd be let ſlip, there were no hopes hereafter to ground an attempt; and this is the hour, I dare not doubt you will not ſtick to me, *Proſpero*, *I* wiſh there were a third Miſtreſs for thee too.

Pro. *I*'le be careful as if there were, *I* doubt not but *I* ſhall find one time enough, to be weary of before I dy.

Lod. You two ſtand here, *I*'le go knock at the Garden gate, and if *Flora* be as good as her word, I'le fetch you both preſently. [*Exit* Lod.

Pro. If we ſhou'd light of the old man now, we ſhou'd have mad work.

Alb. If we do, let me alone to talk with him, I ha' got the trick on't.

Enter Lodovico *and* Flora.

Flo. All things are ready, my Coſin is in the low Parlour, and my Uncle is in Bed; are your friends prepar'd?

Lod. Here they are, one of them is your acquaintance.

Flo. You are a ſweet drunken Youth.

Alb. No more of that, good Lowbel.

Lod. Come, let's away to our buſineſs; that done, we ſhall have time to talk.

Alb. I, and to do too, I hope; come, lead up, Madam, we'l follow in Rank and File. [*Exeunt omnes*

Enter Franciſco, Pietro, Peſauro, *with a dark Lanthorn.*

Pie. We have wrencht the Bar without noiſe; we are in Sir, there is ſo much of our promiſe perform'd.

Fra. 'Tis well, do but the reſt as well, and then *I* will ſay you are brave fellows.

Peſ. I warrant you, Sir.

Fra. Stay you two here, while I go in further into the houſe, and ſtir not a foot till I call you; I will be with you preſently. [*Exit* Fran.

Pie.

Pie. Come, *Peſauro*, in the mean time let us employ our ſelves in our callings, let's ſee what's to be got, where is the Stye? wou'd we cou'd find the Pigs.

Peſ. We'l have them ſtraight, if the old Sow grunt not.

Pie. Come, to the ſearch, look there, what's in that hole? this is the Coal-hole, here's only a ſcrup broom, two Billets, and three Charcoals.

Peſ. Search further man, there may be gold in the bottom.

Pie. Here's an old Frying pan without a handle, I'le lay my ears 'tis the old mans Caudle cup, *I* think I have a pipkin by the face too, Diabola, *Peſauro*, I am catch'd in a Rat-trap, that has bit me by the fingers damnably; looſe me and eat the meat for thy pains.

Peſ. Ha, ha, ha, ſo, now you are looſe, to't again.

Pie. I am half afraid, I have had fair warning; what's here, old ſhooes and a basket full of duſt.

Peſ. Search further. [*Shows a yellow cloſe-ſtool ſeat.*

Pie. Here's nothing elſe but old Cords and rotten Turnips, two Diſh clouts, and a pewter piſs-pot, a brimmer.

Peſ. Let's ranſack ſome where elſe, I warrant a prize; let's ſee, are there no Cup-boards in the Walls?

Pie. They lye incognito, if there be any, I ſee none; ſtay, here's one, hold the Lanthorn.

Peſ. What haſt thou got, Boy?

Pie. Maſs, here is an old black long skirted doublet, pinck Sattin; on the breaſt and ſleeves behind, Canvas or Buckram, excellent Husbandry; and here's a pair of muſty Lamb-skin Drawers, an old ſheath, and a Comb with five teeth, a little greaſie red Cap and Glove, and a Cat-skin purſe, but not a penny of money in it.

Peſ. The old man's Wardrobe ſure enough; pox on't, we are like to make but a blew night on't, if we ſteal nothing but Duſt and Cobwebbs.

Pie. *I* know not what to think on't, there is no venturing further into the houſe, leſt we be ſurpris'd.

Peſ. Plague, *I* did not come hither to do miſchief.

Enter Lodovico.

Pie. Peace, man, here's the Gentleman.

Peſ. Plague on't, he has hindred a good work.

Lod. *I* wonder what is become of my two friends; all's ready, but *I* have loſt them in the houſe.

Pie. Seignior? *Lod.* O here they are, *Proſpero*? *Alberto*?

Peſ. Seignior *Franciſco*? *Lod.* How, *Franciſco*, who's there?

Pie. We are here, Sir.

Lod. You, who are you? *I* am miſtaken, *I* find.

Pie. We are *Pietro* and *Peſauro*, that broke the houſe for ye; hav you got her, Sir?

Lod. What Myſtery is this? *Franciſco* broke into the Houſe.

Pie. If you had ſtaid a little longer we had fir'd the houſe that we might have all run away ſafe by the light.

Lod. Had you ſo, Dogs, I'le make you ſure.

Peſ. We are miſtaken, 'tis *Lodovico*, have at you, Sir. [*Fight*

Lod. Yield Villains.

Pie. There is no good to be done, we muſt run for't.

Lod. What a damn'd misfortune is this? *I* ſee muſt have another bout with *Franciſco*, I had better ne'er have been in Love, but *I* muſt through, this Lanthorn may do me ſome ſervice. [*Exit* Lod.

Enter Proſpero *and* Alberto.

Alb. Did you hear *Lodovico*'s voice?

Pro. Yes, and loud too, he has met with ſome reſiſtance ſure, but all's huſh't, wou'd he wou'd come.

Enter Franciſco.

Fra. Unleſs my ears deceived me, I heard a noiſe and claſhing of Swords, I wou'd I were off ſafe, O here are my Rogues, I hear their tread, *Pietro?*

Alb. O, are you there I thought we had loſt you.

Pro. What made you ſo loud, have you met with any danger?

Fra. You Raſcals, do you fall out with one another, and make a noiſe to ruin me? *Alb.* Raſcals, *Lodovico?*

Fra, How, *Lodovico*! the Devils in't, what's the meaning of this?

Enter Lodovico.

Lod. Alberto? Proſpero?

Alb. Who's there? What two *Lodovico*'s? this is his voice.

Lod. Why do ye ſtare ſo, what's the matter?

Pro. Here's a fourth got amongſt us.

Alb. A Devil, I am afraid 'tis.

Lod. Nay, there's more than ſo, where is he?

Fra. Here he is *Lodovico*, I care not for your odds.

Lod. Here, *Proſpero*, hold the Candle to us, nay, keep up your Sword, I'le have none to help me, I have made his two Comrades vaniſh already.

Fra. You may chance need them, Sir.

Lod. I'le venture that, nay more to whet your Courage, we will diſpute it for *Otrante* now, I am become your Rival as well as Enemy. [*Fight.*

Fra. Win her, and wear her,

Alb. 'Tis a ſtout Rogue, he won't down.

Lod. Stay, breath a little, thou haſt Courage *Franciſco*, if thou hadſt honour too, thou wert a brave man, pre'thee be honeſt yet, and ſave thy life.

Fra. Save your own, I'le look to mine. Come, nay, come all.

Lod. Forbear friends, as you love me, then I see you are resolv'd to pull your Destiny upon you. [*Fight.* Fran. *falls.*

Fra. I cou'd curse now,

Lod. May Heaven forgive you, and not impute thy blood to me.

Alb. Are you not hurt? *Lod.* No, I thank my Fate.

Enter Otrante *and* Flora.

Otr. O Gentlemen, what de'e mean? will you kill one another? the noise has waked my Father, he's getting up, and we are all undone.

Lod. No, fairest, see there, who made the Quarrel.

Alb. He's like to make no more.

Flo. 'Tis *Francisco*, I hope ye are satisfied with this Sacrifice.

Otr. Alas, I never wisht for so fatal a revenge.

Pro. Come, you stand talking, and will be surpriz'd, if you intend to be safe you must take this very minute, the next will be too late.

Lod. True, Madam, come, we must escape now or never.

Otr. Alas, I know not what to do, lead me whither you will, I care not what becomes of me.

Alb. Come, Madam *Flora*, you and *I* must Ramble together too, away, away, make haste. [*Exeunt* Lod. Pro. Alb. Otr. *and* Flora

Fra. I must bear the shame of all, I have a little Life left yet, and that I will employ to do more mischief if I can.

Enter Grimani *and* Giacomo *with a Servant, driving in* Pietro *and* Pesauro.

Gri. Rogues, Dogs, Thieves, confess, or I'le torture your souls out.

Pie. O good Sir, good Sir, we will confess all, look, here is the Gentleman.

Gia. O Master, Master, my young Mistress and Mistress *Flora* are gone, carried away together.

Fra. Peace, Rogues, and I'le make all well yet.

Gri. O the Devil, what have I deserved to be thus used? Curse on you for all sleepy Curs, what's that lyes there? What a man kill'd: who are you?

Fra. Good Sir, put off your Anger, and receive the last words of a dying man, and one that dy'd in serving you.

Gri. That's a likely matter, run for the Watch some of you, the rest secure those Villains.

Fra. In short, for I have scarce breath left enough to speak all Circumstances, *Lodovico*, if you ever heard his name.

Gri. Yes, that was the Rogue, the mad drunken Rascal prated to me of about my Daughter, I suspected him.

Fra. He tempted me, these two, Sir, and some others this night to help him steal away your Daughter.

Gri. Very good, then you were one of the Ravishers.

Fra. I must confess my friendship to him urged me to do a thing my nature

nature trembled at, but when at last we came into your House, struck with the horror of the approaching Villany, I employed all the Rhetorick I had, hoping I might avert him from his purpose, he deaf to all perswasions, first grew angry, gave me ill Language, and then drew upon me; I vowed he shou'd not compass his design unless he went through me, we fought, but Fortune favour'd the unjuster Sword, and here I fell to tell you this sad story and my Repentance, and I thank my Fate that I had so much life left. *Gri.* Is this true?

Fra. I am not in a Condition to dissemble now.

Gri. Where are the Watch?

Enter Servants, Constable, and Watch.

Ser. They are here, Sir, four Bill-men, stout and strong, Mr. Constable is their speaker.

Gri. You keep good ward to let men of my Rank be rob'd, while you lye snorting in your Rugs.

Const. We have not eyes, Sir, to look every way.

Gri. You shall be made so to have, take these two Rascals into your Custody, and keep them safe.

1 *Watch.* Come up you, sneaking Rogues, or I'le run my Bill into your Buttocks.

Pie. O, *Pesauro*, what will become of us? the Gentleman's devout lying has done us no good.

Gri. Two of you three carry that wounded man, and lay him upon a Bed, and get him a Chyrurgeon, if he be honest he deserves it. if not, he shall be hang'd as soon as he is well. Come, Constable, I am robb'd, my [*Exeunt* Fra. *supported with two Servants.*
House broke open, my Daughter and Neece stoln, can you find the Rogues?

Const. I warrant you, Sir, 'tis no hard matter to sent them out, I and my *Mirmidons* will quickly unkennel them, we'l draw them like Blood-hounds.

Gri. To the search then, come, *Giacomo*, come all, O that *I* shou'd live to see this curse. [*Exit Omnes.*

Enter Lodovico, Otrante, Alberto, Flora, *and* Prospero.

Alb. The day is broke, that's one comfort, we shall have no more breaking of shins, did I not hurt you, Madam, when we were down together e'en now? *Flo.* No, Good-man fool.

Lod. We are got as far as the Covent already, wou'd we cou'd light on a hedge Priest.

Otr. Alas, what shall we do? If my Father find us, we are utterly lost, *I* cannot stand his Anger.

Lod. Be comforted my fairest, I will secure you from all danger.

Enter Dominico.

Pro. Look, here is Father *Dominico*.

Otr . Alas, how can I look upon him, that has abus'd him so?

Lod. Fear not, *I* will to him, good day, Father.

Dom. Lodovico, out wretch, come not near me, I have taken order that you shall be handled as you deserve.

Lod. Your patience, Father, you must be disabus'd, know then the thing that raises all your Anger, was a meer plot betwixt *Otrante* and me, you were employed because we thought it safest, to hide our Loves from her old jealous Father.

Dom. Tut, tut, this is but tattle.

Alb. Nay, an't won't believe Fryer, here is the Lady her self to witness, ask her.

Dom. How, *Otrante*, and with him, at this hour too?

Otr. Your pardon, holy Sir, I must confess *I* have abus'd ye, but you must blame my Love, *Lodovico* tells you true.

Dom. I am amazed, but what make you here, now?

Lod The truth is, we have scapt from her Fathers house, and our request to you is, that you wou'd joyn our hands.

Dom Not I, I'le have no share in your guilt.

Lod. Pray Sir, we have no aims but what are honest.

Alb. If you do it not, Fryer, they will do worse, go to it without Ceremony, and then that will be your fault.

Dom. Heaven forefend, are you willing to this, Lady?

Alb. Come, leave examining her, you will but make her blush, silence gives consent.

Dom. To hinder you from falling into greater ruin, I will do it, but *I* know not how to answer it.

Alb. I must desire a cast of your Office too, for this Virgin and my self.

Dom, One is too much,

Alb. Nay, we will not ask you twice, if you won't, we'l take one anothers word, and save Charges.

Dom. Well, if it must be, there's no remedy, come along with me.

Lod. Best, Sir, we thank ye. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Grimani, Giacomo, *Constable, Watch,* Pietro *and* Pesauro.

Gri. You are idle Rascals, you can do nothing, go aside again, and search diligently, find them, or I will have them all whipt. Do you know any of these people we [*Ex. some of the VVatch.*
are searching after, if you do, confess, or *I* will have you both hang'd.

Pie. We know nothing at all.

Enter VVatch with Prospero.

Pro. Unhand me uncivil slaves, what do you hale me thus for?

1 *VVatch.* Here's one shall tell you: here's one of them.

Gri. That's well, how now, stubborn Sir, were you one of *Lodo-*
vico's

vico's Companions, that helpt him to ſteal my Daughter? Speak Rogue, ſpeak quickly.

Pro. *I* am *Lodovico's* friend, but no Rogue.

Gri. No, I'le make one of you, confeſs, ſirrah, quickly where they are, or I'le noſe ye preſently.

Pro. Why firſt, *I* don't know, and ſecondly, I wou'd not tell you, if I did.

Gri. I ſhall pull that humour down, clap matches to his fingers, will you confeſs yet?

Pro. Yes, thus much I will, your Daughter is married, Sir, and nobly too, to *Lodovico*, a Gentleman that has both blood and fortune to deſerve her, the News is too good for you.

Gri. O Devil, Raſcal, married already, and gone but two hours.

Pro. 'Tis very true.

Gri. It cannot be, 'tis a Rape, a Rape, Villains, they have Whored her, tell me where they are, or-------

Pro. Let one word anſwer you, *I* will not tell you though *I* dye for't.

Gri. Away with him, take him and torture him, till you wring it out of him, come all away and ſearch.

Pro. I'le ſtand all tryals e're I wrong my friend. [*Ex Omnes.*

Enter Lodovico, Otrante, Alberto *and* Flora.

Lod. Novv, Madam, I may boldly call you mine.

Otr. I ſhou'd be happy in ſuch an Owner, but that I apprehend ſuch dangerous Conſequence from my Fathers anger.

Lod. Fear it not, *Otrante*, *I'le* ſtand betvvixt thee and all Storms, vvhen he ſees that vve are married, his reaſon vvill make him lay aſide his fruiteleſs paſſions, come, do not vveep, 'tis a bad Omen.

Alb. Well, *Flora*, *I* have caught thee in a Church-trap at laſt, you ſhan't ſlip out of my fingers any more.

Flo. I am yours, you had beſt make much of me, you will not light of ſuch another vvhen I am gone.

Alb. Troth I hope I ſhan't.

Otr. Heark, vvhat noiſe of Tramplings that? O the Storm is a coming. [*Noiſe within.*

VVithin. Some look to that Corner, the reſt follovv here.

Flo. It comes, it comes, vvhere is Seignior *Proſpero?*

Lod. I miſt him not till novv, I doubt they have ſnapt him, come Madam, ſtand behind me, do not tremble, I'le vvarrant you.

Alb. Come, do you play at Bo-peep, behind me too, there is no avoiding them, they come. [*Noiſe within.*

Enter to them Grimani, Giacomo, *Conſtable, VVatch, guarding* Proſpero, Pietro *and* Peſauro,

Gri. Here they are, here they are, dovvn vvith them, take'em, kill them if they do reſiſt.

Lod. Stand off e're you come upon your deaths. *Pro.*

Pro. Nay, I will help ye once more. (*Pro. breaks from them, and snatches a Sword.*

Gri. Take them, you Cowardly dogs, Why did you let that fellow slip there?

Const. Gentlemen, you won't resist the Officers of Justice.

Lod. No: but we must make our own safties, Seignior *Grimani*, I beseech you hear me, Sir, let not your passion blind you to the loss of reason, if you will be temperate we'l yield our selves.

Gri. I'le no Capitulations, Villains, Ravishers, Sieze on them, I won't hear them speak.

Alb. Why then have at your venerable Ruff.

Flo. Hold, hold, let me charge him. (Flora *snatches a Sword, and makes towards* Grimani.

Gri. Thou won't murther me, slave, wilt thou?

Alb. Not if you will give us free quarter.

Const. Pray hear the Gentleman, Sir.

Lod. I must confess I have offended, Sir, we come to beg your pardon, Sir, but as Ravishers and Villains, we cannot ask forgiveness, those Titles are not due to us, your Daughter and Neece still own the self same honour and Chastity they brought into the World with them.

Gri. Pish, pish, this is but a flam, I know they are abus'd, dishonour'd.

Otr. O, do not think so, Sir, upon my knees I beg it, however Love has made me faulty, I have preserv'd my honour still from stain, dear Sir, forgive me, and forget my follies, I am your Child, Sir, let a Fathers pitty prompt you to mitigate your killing anger.

Flo. What if I shou'd beg, Uncle, would not that please you? Remember you cou'd never bring me upon my knees yet, what say you? shall *I* down? shall I bend? *Gri.* I will never forgive thee, if thou beggest.

Alb. What wou'd you have more, Sir?

Gri. All's one, honest or dishonest, I'le have them both hang'd sieze on them, get more strength.

Lod. Keep off upon your perils, hard hearted Old man, had I not twice stood up their honours Rescue they had indeed been prey to Ravishers, once at your Garden gate, when bold *Francisco* had made them his prisoners, with this hand I freed them, and returned them safe.

Otr. 'Tis true indeed, Sir, 'twas his Nobleness which then preserved us from a certain ruine.

Flo. Have some manners, and cry thanks yet, Sir.

Gri. Be quiet, Gypsie, or I'le----------

Lod. Again to night, the same man had design'd a second Rape, but that our happy Stars directed us to frustrate his attempts.

Gri. How dar'st thou tell me this abominable lye, when one of thy own Companions, whom thou hast almost killed for giving thee good advice, told me that thou had'st hired him and these two Rogues and some others, to steal my Daughter from me to night?

Lod. These two Rogues, upon my life I know 'em not, you Rascals, speak,

ſpeak, did I hire you two to any ſuch Intents? Or did I ever change word with you?

Peſ. Only once you ſaid you wou'd kick us two. Indeed Sir, it was not this Gentleman. *Lod.* Who was it, ſpeak Dogs?

Pie. O good Sir, It was Seignior *Franciſco*, the hurt Gentleman, that your Worſhip talkt with ſo long.

Gri. I am at my wits end, I confeſs this makes ſomething for ye, but ſtill you are guilty, you ſtole her away, and have abus'd her.

Lod. If there be faith in man, ſhe's pure as Ice, ſhe is my wife, Sir, married lawfully, and all the anger you let out is vented againſt your Daughters Husband, dear Sir, forgive us, we will make up this breach by future Obedience, which I will pay you as my own Father.

Flo. Well, what wou'd you have more?

Gri. Well, if you are married, 'tis to late too recal it, you may go together, but you get not a groat of me.

Enter Franciſco, *led in by two Servants,*

Otr. However let's have your bleſſing.

Gri. No, I'le keep both for them that better deſerve it,

Flo. Curſe us then, that we may proſper one way or other.

Fra. Here, here, *Grimani*, vent all your fury here, 'tis I am only guilty and deſerve the higheſt of your rigour, thoſe innocent Souls have ever trod the ſteps of Noble honour. I, only I, have ſtain'd my blood with baſeneſs, and been the cauſe of all the late Diſtractions.

Gri. Well, well, you ſhall be hang'd however, and thoſe two Raſcals ſhall hang too for Company.

Fra. Diſpoſe me as you pleaſe, my wounds *I* hope will ſave me from ſo great a ſhame, I think I ſhall dye, but muſt firſt ask pardon, Madam, of you, can you forgive a man ſo baſe, yet one that's truly penitent.

Otr. I can, and do, be Noble, I'le call you friend.

Fra. You are too good, now gallant *Lodovico*, which way muſt I addreſs my ſelf to you, that have abus'd you both as Friend and Enemy, you have conquered me both with your Sword and honour, if you have ſo much goodneſs to pardon me, I ſhall dye happy, or elſe miſerable.

Lod. I will not doubt, *Franciſco*, your Repentance, if you be vertuous, you may find me in the ſelf-ſame friendſhip, I had for you, when I thought you ſo. *Fra.* Now I am truly happy.

Gri. I am ſtrangely mov'd, *I* cou'd almoſt find in my heart to forgive them.

Flo. Faith try if it be poſſible, do one good Act before you dye.

Fra. Seignior *Grimani*, however you diſpoſe of me, I make it now my laſt and dying requeſt, you wou'd forgive your Noble Son & Daughter.

Lod. I beg it on my knees, which never ſtoop'd before to any for a pardon.

Otr. Dear Sir, forgive us. *Flo.* Don't Uncle.

Gri.

Gri. If *I* do, it ſhall be to vex thee. *Alb.* I joyn my prayers too.

Fra. And *I* mine. *Gia.* I'le not ſtick out neither good Maſter.

Gri. You have or'come my anger: I do forgive, but not you, Huſſy.

Flo. Why then *I*'le vex you till you deſire that I wou'd give you leave to forgive me.

Gri. Nay, like enough, thou art a fury.

Lod. You are a Father now indeed.

Alb. *I* hope Uncle you include me too and your Neece for all this, in the General Act of Grace.

Gri. Why ſhe then and you have been at it too?

Gia. *I*, Maſter, they will all.

Flo. At my Cofins entreaty to keep her Company.

Gri. Well *I* forgive you too, and will give you ſomething worth thanks, ſome at preſent, more when you are a Mother.

Alb. That will be within three quarters of a year.

Flo. Lord, Lord, are we all friends? why then the Town's our own.

Gri. Look it be, you Watch, take theſe people to the priſon, *I* will take Order they be ſeverely puniſhed.

Lod. Nay, noble Sir, ſince you have pardoned us, do not mix harſhneſs with your Clemency, for my ſake pardon *Franciſco*, he will be your bondman he ſhall ſerve you Nobly.

Gri. For your ſake then *I* remit him, the reſt ſhall not ſtretch for it neither, only Conſtable ſee they be well diſciplin'd.

Fra. You bind me to you ever.

Gri. Come all home, along with me, *Franciſco*'s wounds ſhall there be dreſt, *I* hope he will recover, we'l baniſh all our troubles from our hearts, and Celebrate with joy theſe unlook't for Nuptials.

Come, Son, and Nephew, all jealous thoughts are flown,
And you muſt ſtand the tryal of your own.

FINIS.